THE

CABINET;

OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

APRIL, 1808.

JOHN FAWCETT, Esq.

THIS truly excellent and popular comedian, was born about the year 1769. He is the son of Mr. Fawcett, formany years a vocal performer in the Drury Lane company, and greatly esteemed as a private character. He did not arrive at any eminence in his profession, but acquired a tolerable property which he left to his widow, and after her death to his son, the subject of the present article.

Mr. Fawcett the elder, placed his son with a respectable tradesman, but preferring the profession of his father, our hero, before the expiration of his articles, joined an itinerant company, and under the name of Foote, made his first appearance at Margate in *Courtall*, in the *Belle's Stratagem*. From thence he went to Tunbridge Wells, where his merit soon recommended him to Mr. Cumberland, who gave him some good theatrical advice, and the late Lord Abingdon, a nobleman of well-known musical genius, favoured him by giving him some instructions, which, with the early taste for that science he imbibed from his father, he has turned to very good account in the course of his professional exertions.

His next engagement was at York, where he played

two or three tragic characters, not much to the satisfaction of old *Tate*, or of himself; he confined his performances to comedy, and soon rose into such high favour, that Mr. Harris, who had just lost the inimitable Edwin, secured the aid of the York comedian, and in the season of 1791, Mr. Fawcett made his debut in London, in the character of Caleb, in He would be a Soldier, and Simkin in the Deserter. His success on this occasion, and his gradual advances to the popularity at present he so deservedly enjoys, are sufficiently well known to the public. With the exception of his engagements at the Hay Market, where he was for some time the acting manager, (and in which situation he displayed infinite judgment, and capability); occasional performances in the principal provincial theatres; and a very profitable trip to Ireland, Mr. Fawcett's exertions have been confined to Covent Garden Theatre, of which he is one of the great comic props, and from which, if if the manager knows his own interest, he will never be suffered to depart.

His particular excellencies as a comedian need not here be dwelt upon. They are felt and acknowledged by all our dramatic writers, and justly appreciated by every admirer of the drama.

Mr. Fawcett has also discovered considerable ingegenuity in the construction of ballets of action, as his *Obi*, *Brazen Mask*, *Fairies Revels*, and *Enchanted Island*, amply demonstrate.

It is with pleasure we add, that Mr. Fawcett, knows how to respect himself, and his profession, by an honourable and independent line of conduct in private life. Content with the well-earned emoluments of his engagements, he keeps aloof from public dinners, and those convivial meetings, in which actors too often exhibit themselves as laughing-stocks, to the idle and dissipated, and thus render *themselves* ridiculous, and the theatrical profession cheap and contemptible.

Of the performers of the present day, Mr. Fawcett, as an actor and a gentleman, is certainly one of the chief boasts and highest ornaments.

The portrait we have given presents him in the part of *Job Thornberry* in *John Bull*; and in that scene of the character, where indignant at the conduct of *Sir Simon Rochdale*, he seats himself in the chair of justice,

MRS. DICKONS.

(Concluded from page 148.)

With such accomplishments, and no mean share of personal attractions, can it be surprizing that the favourite of the public should meet with other admirers than mere *amateurs*. The successful one was Mr. Dickons—doatingly fond of music—of a gay and convivial turn—of good connections in Yorkshire; the match however, for prudential motives, was deferred. At length, Dame Fortune proving in one of her best humours, for once took the bandeau from her eyes, and designed to bestow her favours upon merit. Messrs. Poole and Dickons became the fortunate purchasers of a share in the first £30,000 prize ever drawn—and on the 7th August, 1800, Caroline Poole became the wife of Peter Dickons, in the Church of St. Peter, Liverpool—and bade adieu to public life.

Althongh Mrs. Dickons had thus fortunately become independent of music as a professor, her attachment to the science continued with unabated ardor.—She was more frequently found at the piano forte and harp, than the card table.

Mr. DICKONS adventured no small sum in the East India shipping; but as he was not a MANAGING owner, the concern proved far less fortunate than his concern in the lottery—and although his losses were not of sufficient magnitude to "press a royal merchant down," they yet were formidable enough to diminish the contents of his purse and to encrease his anxiety. At this crisis, Mrs. DICKONS, with a promptitude of resolution which can never be too warmly commended, imparted her determination of once more offering her talents to that public whose generosity and kindness she had so early in life been taught to look up to with respect and gratitude.

Her return to the musical world answered her most sanguine expectations. Her pupils were numerous, and her vocal engagements abundant: the secession of Mrs. Billington, and the absence of Madame Mara, was severely felt by the amateurs of Handel, but Mrs. Dickons was called to the vacant chair with general approbation. It was during her engagement last season, at the oratorios, that she had the misfortune to lose one of the best of mothers—tis true, she had long been prepared for so fatal a blow to her happiness, but nature

will prevail—the daughter "could not but remember that such things were, and were most precious" to her. Her duty to the public, however, superseded what the anguish of her feelings would otherwise have demanded, but some short interval sacred to her sorrows, became absolutely necessary. In this truly distressing dilemma, Mrs. DICKONS applied to Madame STORACE to supply her place in the orchestra for one evening: the request was granted with that alacrity which greatly enhanced the obligation.

Ingratitude has been said to be worse than the sin of witchcraft; in a mind like Mrs. D's it could not find a resting place—thus when STORACE intimated how much she should be gratified by Mrs. Dickons playing the part of Yarico for her benefit—gratitude impelled an immediate acquiescence.

The applause of so refined and finished a singer as Mr. Braham, is worth having. It was on hearing Mrs. D. sing the "Soldier tir'd," at the oratorios, that BRAHAM formed the idea of personating Arbaces, and requesting the powerful aid of Mrs. D in Mandane; her exquisite performance of this arduous character, attracted the notice of Mr. HARRIS; liberal proposals were offered through the medium of Mr. T. Dibdin, who is never so truly at home as when promoting the welfare of others; the terms were accepted, and Mrs. DICKONS, wonderfully improved in person, voice, and manner, made her appearance in MANDANE—her exertions were crowned with the most flattering tokens of applause; her POLLY in the Beggars Opera, undertaken at a short notice at the express and earnest wish of the managers, obtained and deservad similar success; but the CLIMAX of Mrs. D's popularity was obtained by her performance of CLAUDINE, in Mr. T. DIBDIN's new opera of "Two Faces under a Hood;" her acting and singing were equally charming, and the inimitable SHIELD was himself among the foremost to confess the infinite obligations he owed to that feeling and taste which had rendered his ideas so justly popular. W. D.

CARDS.

Cards were invented by Jacquemin Gringonneur, a painter at Paris, in the reign of Charles the fifth, king of France.

They were first made use of, for the purpose of divert-

ing or diminishing a deep melancholy, under which that unfortunate monarch laboured for many years; and he is said to have experienced temporary relief, and considerable amusement from piquet, the first game ever played at with cards, if we may rely on the respectable authority of a French writer, who has composed A DISSERTATION, SYMBOLICAL, ALLEGORICAL, POLITICAL, AND HISTORICAL, on these *pictures of human life.*

It seems from *his* account, they were meant to represent, in the rude efforts of those days, particular persons, and sometimes the productions of nature and art.

" The ace," says the author I quote, " is in fact only the Latin word AS, which signifies, literally, only a piece of money, but, in a general sense, wealth. Aces accordingly have precedency before kings and all other cards; for as riches are the sinews of war, the most powerful monarchs submit to their controul; and the great question of peace or war, must, in a great measure, depend on the finances and resources of a country.

" *Piques et carreaux*, spades and diamonds, mean arms, the heavy arrows formerly shot from crossbows, being shaped like the diamonds on cards; the inference to be drawn is sufficiently clear, that without arms, and courage (under the appropriate type of hearts) to make use of them, neither life nor property can be secure.

" The kings of the four suites, originally were *portraits* of David, the son of Jesse, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Charlemagne, each of whom had his ecuyer, modified into the modern word esquire, and called in the middle ages valet or knave, titles in those days considered as honorable; the names of two distinguished individuals of this rank, the companions of knights and of kings, are preserved, OGIER, and LA HIRE, famous intrepid French captains, who would not have suffered any one to have applied the term *knave* to them, in its present signification, with impunity.

" *Argine*, the queen of clubs, is an anagram formed of regina, and was a representation of Mary of Anjou, wife of Charles the seventh. The queen of diamonds, under the name of *Rachel,* was meant for the beautiful but frail Anges Sorrel; and the queen of spades under the semblance of the chaste and warlike Minerva, was the heroic Maid of Orleans; while Judith, the queen of hearts, was designed as a picture of the enchanting Isabeau de Baviere.

" Clubs. treffle, or trefoil, an herb that grows in the meadows, *imply* that a general should never encamp, without good opportunities for forage." But my readers have perhaps have had enough of this moral miscellaneous allegory, and I proceed to the purpose, for which, notwithstanding so long a preface, the present article was inserted.

Constituted, compounded, and conducted as the wealthy and more elevated classes of society now are, is the universally established custom of card-playing to be considered as an evil?

I have frequently lamented the destructive effects of a passion for gaming, in fathers and mothers of families, whose vicious propensities besides the loss of time and money, exhibit a depraved example to the rising generation.

But, in mixed companies, routs, and large parties, and in all places of public resort, so many individuals are disqualified by the ignorance of vice, for passing a rational evening, that I confess I had rather submit to *any* moderate penalty, than sit four or five hours *exposed* to such persons, unprotected by cards.

With uncultivated minds, puerile propensities, debilitated bodies, and THAT PECULIAR RESTLESS INDOLENCE, THE CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT AGE; and the natural consequence of unbridled dissipation, jaded passions, and satiated appetites; they are, of all companions, the most unpleasant and unprofitable; drawing every moment from the common stock of amusement and information, but contributing nothing themselves.

In such circumstances, of two evils, I would chuse the least, and I cannot but value an ingenious contrivance, which shuts the mouth of noisy nonsense, and, for a time, rescues decent society, from troublesome absurdity or contaminating gailt.

The loss of two or three *rubbers*, is a trifle, compared to the beastly indecorums of a three-bottle man, or to incurring the risque of the principles, manners, and faith, of a wife or a daughter being tainted and perverted by the irreligious banter of a modern philosopher, or the naked truths of a bare-faced sans-culottes.

A late eloquent advocate for cards, insists " that they are one of the subaltern poli-hers of mankind; that they first promoted, (and have since effected) a more correct and improving intercourse between the sexes; at

a period, when the mistress of the family was at her needle, in the nursery, or the housekeeper's room; while the gentlemen were smoaking tobacco, or getting drunk in the eating room, or at a tavern."

It is true, that *in these respects*, a favorable alteration *has* taken place, but moralists and divines have doubted whether the advantages produced, have not been counterbalanced by consequences unpropitious to the peace and safety of correct society.

A man who now ventures to appear at the card table, after a second bottle, will generally pay for his rashness; but that free and easy style of modern life praised by the author I quote, and which indeed gives a zest to polished society, affords opportunities and temptations which have been found, by every day's experience, too strong for the sincerity of a friend, or the chastity of a wife.

It has been said, that the universal fashion of card-playing, is founded on a knowledge of human nature, and a thorough acquaintance with its wishes and its wants; the stimuli of self-interest, and occupation uniting sedentary social pleasure, with strong intellectual exertion, and occasional opportunities of triumph, are the irresistible charm; and until polished societies are qualified to pass an evening in rational and improving conversation, the banishing cards would be a very serious evil. Deprived of the frequent impulses of hope and fear, and placed by hereditary independence, beyond the salutary influence of commercial keenness, and professional ardour, thousands would sink into listlessness, ennui, and suicide.

The fatal consequences of a turn for gambling taking possession of persons of small income, cannot be denied; but to sweat down, by gentle means, the bulk of a private plunderer, or a public marauder; to reduce a rent-roll from sixteen to eight thousand pounds a year, are praiseworthy and desirable purposes, useful to the individual, and beneficial to the public, which groans beneath their scourge, or is contaminated by their depraved example.

I could point out three families, in which, unless a zealous party-man, a contested election, an endower of hospitals, or a frequenter of the subscription houses, should occur for three or four generations, it will be a most unfortunate circumstance for the country, their neighbours and themselves.

L. C. M.

A MAN OF HONOUR.

Mons. Voltaire, observing upon certain *dramatis personæ* in Congreve's Plays, says, that "their language is every where that of *men of honour*, but their actions are those of knaves: a proof, that he was perfectly well acquainted with human nature, and frequented what we call polite company." So that the arrantest scoundrel, the blackest and most detestable villain, by frequenting polite company, and pretending to an higher and more refined integrity, may be denominated a *man of honour*. What a perverse and ridiculous use of words, which convey an idea just the contrary to what they express!—"We know very well," says Bruyere, "that an honest man is a man of honour; but it is pleasant to conceive, that every man of honour is not an honest man." Pleasant indeed; but this is not the worst: society suffers from this abuse of terms. "By separating the *man of honour* from the man of virtue," says Hume, "the greatest profligates have got something to value themselves upon; and have been able to keep themselves in countenance, though guilty of the most shameful and dangerous vices. They are debauchees, spendthrifts, and never pay a farthing they owe: but they are *men of honour*, and therefore to be received as *gentlemen* in all companies." *Ita nostri mores coegerunt.* S.

A DECISION BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

The Amsterdam Gazette of 13 Feb. 1784, records the following decision by the King of Prussia. A soldier of Silesia, being convicted of stealing certain offerings to the Virgin Mary, was doomed to death as a sacrilegious robber. But he denied the commission of any theft; saying, that the Virgin, from pity to his poverty, had *presented* him with the offerings. The affair was brought before the king, who asked the popish divines, whether, according to *their* religion, the miracle was impossible? who replied, that the case was extraordinary, but not impossible. Then said the King, the "culprit cannot be put to death, because he denies the theft, and because the divines of his religion allow the present not to be impossible; but we strictly forbid him, under pain of death, *not to receive any present henceforward from the Virgin Mary, or any Saint whatever.*"—This, I take it, was answering fools according to their folly, and is an instance of wisdom as well as wit. W.

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND HUMANITY.

No. II.

On the Sonnets of Thomas Warton; of William Lisle Bowles; and of William Mason.

> "*The rigorous sonnet, to be form'd alone*
> *By duteous bards, or by just taste admir'd.*"
>
> SEWARD.

In a disquisition on any particular study, it is perhaps impossible to avoid a repetition of the same terms; but whether it be so or not, the reader will perceive it is a fault which I have committed; not, however, from negligence, but from an inability to avoid it.

In my last number I pointed out Milton as the model upon which Warton had formed his Sonnets. I was induced to do this, not only from their internal evidence, but from the general character of Warton's writings.

As opposite to the school of Pope, he formed his mind upon the study of our early poets: of the productions of Spenser, Sydney, and Drummond he was enthusiastically fond, and frequently imitated them; and the bard of Eden was the object of his warmest admiration.

With an imgination dwelling with delight on the compositions of these writers, I think it a most natural conclusion, that, in pursuing the same species of writing, he would consider them as his models; and that he *has* done so, his several poems strongly evince: Indeed I cannot suppose that a contrary opinion would be maintained, but by the pedant too learned to receive a common opinion, and too proud to be convinced of his errors; and I believe it to have been first hazarded through carelessness or temerity.

Before I proceed to notice the *general* characteristics of his sonnets, I shall transcribe the following, deeming it almost unnecessary to mention that it is a strong imitation of the style and manner of Milton.

"WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's Isle!
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,

To entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile,
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic lore:
Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
To victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Rear'd the rude heap; or, in thy hallow'd round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd:
Studious to trace thy wondrous origine,
We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd."

With the exception of the three last, the sonnets of Warton have the merit of being strictly legitimate: they are also marked by feeling, taste, and poetic fancy: their greatest faults are quaintness and originality. The 1st, 2nd 6th and 9th are beautiful, and in pursuance of the plan which I have laid down, I insert the first, as a just specimen of their general merit.

"WRITTEN AT WINSLADE IN HAMPSHIRE.

Winslade, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
Mantled, thy chequer'd views of wood and lawn,
Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
'Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
Or evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train:
Her fairest landscapes whence my muse has drawn,
Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain:
Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
Nor views invite, since he* far distant strays,
With whom I trac'd their sweets at eve and morn,
From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays;
In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
That still they can recall those happier days."

Bowles is commonly mentioned as being the first who, in this country, made the sonnet a popular species of composition; and having written without confining himself to the Italian model, those who decry its beauties have considered the success of his writings as an argument in their favour. But the sentiments and descriptions contained in the sonnets of Bowles, are sufficient to render any species of composition popular; and had he written them in the most confined and ungraceful measure, they would still have affected the feelings, and would still therefore have been popular.

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* His brother Dr. Joseph Warton.

The versification of Bowles is his least merit; it is sometimes marked by harshness and affectation, and sometimes disgraced by carelessness. But he described the scenery of nature as he saw it, and the emotions it produced as he felt them; and as his grief was real, and his expression of it is natural, his sonnets will ever be read with interest.

From the thirty which he has published, there is not one that I could wish to be excluded: they are distinguished throughout either by elegance or feeling, and are beautifully and amiably poetical. As a general specimen of his manner I have selected the following:

" O Poverty! though from thy haggard eye,
Thy cheerless mien, of every charm bereft,
Thy brow that hope's last traces long have left,
Vain Fortune's feeble sons with terror fly;
I love thy solitary haunts to seek:—
For Pity, reckless of her own distress;
And Patience, in the pall of wretchedness,
That turns to the bleak storm her faded cheek;
And Piety that never told her wrong;
And meek Content, whose griefs no more rebel;
And Genius, warbling sweet her saddest song;
And Sorrow list'ning to a lost friend's knell,
Long banish'd from the world's insulting throng;—
With thee, and thy unfriended offspring, dwell."

" AT DOVER CLIFFS, JULY 20, 1787.

On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood,
Uplift their shadowy heads, and, at their feet,
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;
And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still Eve
Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow; of the friends he lov'd most dear;
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part:
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,
The World his country, and his God his guide."

Mason's sonnets are neither remarkable for elegance or feeling; and are of that species of poetry which obtains not praise, and deserves not censure: they are, however, strictly legitimate, and the versification is generally free and harmonious.

The subjects of the three last are ill-chosen; the sonnet is unsuited to the expression of the rules of criticism, or the sarcastic railings of prejudice and anger; though I am aware, that in committing this fault, the author is shielded by the example of Anna Seward.

In selecting the following I have given a favourable specimen.

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY WITH DODSLEY'S MISCELLANIES.

While Age and Avarice with malignant eye,
Forbid gay Hymen rob'd in saffron train,
With glittering torch to lead thee to the fane,
Where Love awaits to bind the nuptial tye;
To sooth thy cares a group of Muses fly,
Warbling from varied lyres a varied strain.
Verse has an opiate charm for am'rous pain,
And spells, like magic, lurk in minstre'sy.
With these conjoin'd accept this friendly lay,
Which truth inspires, and pure affection warms,
From him, who saw thy infant bloom display
What now, in full maturity of charms,
Expands, to crown the long-expected day
That yields those beauties to a husband's arms."

Liverpool, March 14th, 1808. W. M. T.

MEN MILLINERS, &c.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

I AM much surprised to see a number of my fair countrywomen submitting so tamely to the many scandalous infringements that have lately been made, within these few years, on their occupations and employments, by a set of ignorant, insignificant coxcombs, who have the audacity to call themselves men; for my part, I cannot conceive they are at all entitled to rank with the sex. To such an extent, Sir, has this invasion on the womens' birthright become the fashion of the day, that there is scarcely a single department in life, which should alone be filled by the fair sex, but we are almost certain to see some proud *jackanapes* thrusting in his nose, and superseding them. But the greatest evil of this sort, and of which I would most complain, is finding these creatures placed behind the counters of milliners' and haberdashers' shops; nay, so far do these *violators* persist in trespassing on the natural prerogatives of the women, that I myself know a *fellow* (but whose name I shall for-

kear to mention) who, without the least hesitation, actually takes measure for gowns, stays, and other wearing apparel, of many of our tip-top ladies of rank and fashion. This, Sir, I think you will say is, indeed, past all bearance. Is it not a natural question enough then to ask, 'Why ladies permit or sanction the gross absurdity of such a disgraceful practice, so detrimental to numbers of their own sex?' But what is worse than all, these very ladies, to whom our injured fair ones should look for protection, are the sole establishers and encouragers of this vile usurpation; for I understand, they do not scruple even to declare their utter abhorrence of being waited upon by any but the *male part of the creation.* If they really do persist in this opinion, there is no hope that the evil will ever be removed, at least by any fair persuasion.

I am confident, Mr. Conductor, that it must appear as strange to you as it does to me, that ladies who have received the least refinement in manners and education, can possibly make this horrible and disgraceful preference! How ridiculous and disgusting, one would think, it must be to the ears of a sensible woman, to have a starched-up ignorant fellow recommending a cap, a bonnet, or a pair of stays; descanting freely on the fashions of the day, with "*These here laces, madam, are wery much vore in Bond-street, and all the fashionable circles; Them there ribbons in the vindow there, ve have sold a prodigious quantity of; nothing can accede the elegance of those vorked veils, they are, indeed, accessively beautiful. If I might adwise you, madam, I vould have you purchase one of these here shawls, they come wery cheap, and vill be found uncommonly comfortable!*" And again, how shocking to think of having their gowns, stays, &c. even tried on by the men! It is, indeed, almost impossible to suppose such a disgraceful custom should exist. Did the evil of this practice, however, terminate in the *shame* only of the supporters and practisers of it, it would hardly be deemed a matter worthy of consideration. But we cannot forget that numbers of young women who, perhaps, have received a pretty good education, and may be the daughters too of respectable tradesmen, are by these infringements, obliged to accept of some menial situation, or continue a heavy burthen to their parents.

When I reflect on this, Sir, and consider the difficulty also that young girls find in general, in procuring comfortable situations and employments, I cannot help think-

ing, that it is indeed no wonder we daily see so many distressed females walking our streets; for as the proverb says, "*poverty is no friend to honesty*;" so I conceive it *no safeguard to virtue.*

What I would now wish to offer, is a remedy, if possible, for these evils. Suppose a heavy tax were to be imposed upon the *violators* of the womens' rights, and a still heavier on the employers of them? or would it be better to trust to the candour and liberality of our ladies of rank and fashion, by presenting to them a petition, signed by a number of suffering females, stating the grievance and disadvantage under which they labour, and praying them to discontinue the countenancing a custom so injurious to their own sex? Or, perhaps, some of your correspondents may hit upon a more eligible plan, that might tend to remove a calamity of so alarming a nature: for which purpose, I trust you will publish this letter in your popular miscellany.

I am Sir, your's, &c.

Church-street, Soho. H. G.

GREAT MEN; AND DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

GREAT man? says Voltaire, we must by no means be lavish of this title. We can indeed hardly ever apply it at all, if by great be meant universally so; that is, *omnibus numeris absolutus.* Lord Bacon was a great man, a very great man; yet only partially so. He had a great and comprehensive understanding, perhaps the greatest that hath yet shone forth among the sons of men: but it does not appear, that he would have been great in either field or cabinet; and for greatness of soul, as it is called, the poet, who stiles him the wisest and the brightest, brands him at the same time for the meanest of mankind.

Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, was a very great man: even Bolingbroke, who certainly was not prejudiced in his favour, allows him to have been "the greatest general as well as the greatest minister, that our country or perhaps any other has produced." Yet Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, was illiterate to an extreme; of an understanding totally uncultivated; and in which, if you could have crept under the glare of his exterior, you would probably have discerned weaknesses, equal to those of the weakest men. Julius Cæsar was a

very great general, and a very great statesman; but he was more—Julius Cæsar was a man of letters, and a fine writer; had a most comprehensive as well as cultivated understanding: and, withal, a most uncommon greatness of soul. Julius Cæsar is, in my humble opinion, the greatest man upon record. Lewis XIV. like many other tyrants surrounded by pimps and flatterers, had the title of Great conferred upon him: but Lewis's greatness was to real greatness, what the bombast is to the sublime, or the *simulacra* of Epicurus to real bodies.

The late Dr. Samuel Johnson was a man of great parts, and was indisputably a great man, if great parts simply can make * one: but Dr. Samuel Johnson was the meanest of bigots, a dupe and slave to the most contemptible prejudices †; and, upon subjects the most important, is known to have held opinions, which are absolutely a disgrace to human understanding.

The President Montesquieu has said, "that the rank or place, which posterity bestows, is subject, like all others, to the whim and caprice of fortune:" and our Wollaston was so disgusted with the foolish and iniquitous judgments of men, that he betook himself early in life to retirement,—*propter iniqua hominum judicia*, as he left to be inscribed upon his tomb-stone. If any thing could cure a man's anxiety, and render him indifferent, about what is said or thought of him, now or hereafter, it would be these blind, absurd, iniquitous judgments of men, who break riotously forth into praise or censure, without regard to truth or justice, but just as passion and prejudice impel.

Dr. Johnson "seems, together with the ablest head, possessed of the very best heart at present existing;" says one writer. "Never on earth did one mortal

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* He was probably learned; but I do not reckon learning among the attributes of great men. Learning may be attained by little men, who will apply: but learning without parts, or a capacity to use it, is merely dead unweildy matter, *caput mortuum*, devoid of life or spirit. Like wealth or titles, it often serves only to make a blockhead conspicuous.

† One would think, from a passage in the Rambler, that he himself did a little suspect this: "the pride of wit and knowledge," says he, "is often mortified by finding, that they can confer no security against the common errors, which mislead the weakest and meanest of mankind." No. 6.

body encompass such true greatness and such true goodness," says another; who observes also, that his Lives of the Poets "would alone have been sufficient to immortalize his name." How able his head, or (as a third expresses it) what stupendous strength of understanding he might have, cannot be precisely defined; but it is certain, that this stupendous understanding was not strong enough to force its way through the meanest prejudices, with which it was once entangled. And for the very best heart, and such true goodness as one mortal body did never before encompass,—this is the language of journalists and periodical writers: let us hear the testimony of those, who have always known him personally, and intimately.

Bishop Newton, speaking of the above Lives of the Poets, says, that "malevolence predominates in every part; and that, though some passages are judicious and well written, yet they make not sufficient compensation for so much spleen and ill humour." An impartial account (so it is called) of Dr. Johnson in the European Magazine, said to be written by the ingenious Miss Seward, sets forth, that he was indeed a man of very great parts, and of many good qualities, which it is far from our intent to deny or detract from; but that his character was a very mixed, and (she might have added) a very imperfect one. His writings are represented as excellent and fine, where not "disgraced, as in his criticisms, with the faults of his disposition. He had strong affections," it is said, "where literary envy did not interfere; but that envy was of such deadly potency, as to load his conversation, as it has loaded his biographic works, with the rancour of party-violence, with national aversion, bitter sarcasm, and unchristian-like invective. He turned from the compositions of rising genius with a visible horror, which proved too plainly, that envy was the bosom-serpent of this literary despot. His pride was infinite; yet, amidst all the overbearing arrogance it produced, his heart melted at the sight, or at the representation, of disease and poverty; and, in the hours of affluence, his purse was ever open to relieve them. He was a furious Jacobite, while one hope for the Stuart line remained; and his politics, always leaning towards despotism, were inimical to liberty, and the natural rights of mankind. He was punctual in his devotions; but his religious faith had

much more of bigot-fierceness, than of that gentleness which the gospel inculcates," &c.

If this representation be in any degree just, and I have never heard of its being either disowned or contradicted, what are we to think of panegyrists, who ascribe to him such true greatness and such true goodness, as were never before encompassed by one mortal body?

THE HEROINE OF HINDOSTAN.

When Asaph Chan obtained the government of Kurnah and Maneckpoor, he obtained permission of the king to subdue a country called Gurrah or Kattuck, lying between the provinces of Rhintinpore, Malava, Behar, and the Decan. 'At that time, the kingdom of Gurrah was governed by a queen, whose name was Durgantti, famous for her beauty and accomplishments; her dominions were about one hundred and fifty crores in length, and about fifty in breadth: yet so flourishing was the country, that in this small tract, there were about seventy thousand towns and villages well inhabited, which had the good fortune never to have fallen under the dominion of foreigners.

Asaph Chan, having heard of the riches of this country, disturbed the peaceable inhabitants, unaccustomed to the sound of war, with constant depredations: he at length marched against them with six thousand horse, with double that number of infantry. The queen, with fifteen hundred elephants, eight thousand horse, and some foot, prepared to oppose him. Like a bold heroine, she led her troops to action, clothed in armour, with a helmet upon her head, mounted in a howdar, on an elephant, with her bow and quiver lying by her side, and a burnished lance in her hand. Though her troops had not been accustomed to action, the love of liberty, and the example of their queen, inspired every breast with a lion's courage. Their eagerness to engage, made them march in disorder towards the enemy, which the queen observing, commanded them to halt, and forming her line gave her troops strict orders to march on slowly, as

compact as possible, and to observe the signal to engage, when it should be displayed from the elephant of the royal standard.

In this manner she received the enemy, whom she quickly repulsed, and pressing upon them, laid six hundred Mahomedan horsemen dead on the field: she pursued the rest till the evening, with great slaughter. When night came on, the queen halted with her army, and gave them orders to wash and refresh themselves, that they might be prepared for a nocturnal attack upon the enemy, before they could recover from their consternation. But her vizier, and the rest of her chiefs, less daring, and consequently less prudent than this heroine, opposed this salutary measure, and seditiously insisted on returning to the field of battle to bury their friends. She, accordingly, returned unwillingly: and after the dead were burnt, again addressed her chiefs, and solicited them one by one, to accompany her to storm the Mahomedan camp: none of them, however, had the spirit to accompany her in this daring enterprize. They vainly imagined, that the enemy would of their own accord evacuate the country.

The omrahs of Gurrah, soon found they were fatally frustrated in their hopes. Asaph Chan, to wipe away the disgrace which he had sustained the day before, and finding what enemy he had to deal with, advanced in the morning towards the queen, with his artillery; which, in the preceding action, he had left behind him, on account of the badness of the roads. The queen, upon Asaph's approach, advanced to a narrow pass, and prepared to oppose him. The Mogul, scouring the pass with his artillery, soon opened to himself a way into the plain beyond it, where the queen's army was drawn up in order of battle. Rajah Bier Shaw, the queen's son, a young prince of great hopes, as soon as the Mahomedan army came into the plain, made a resolute charge, and exhibited prodigies of valour. He repulsed the enemy twice; but in the third attack, being wounded, he became faint with loss of blood. When he was just falling from his horse, his mother, who was mounted on an elephant in the front of the battle, observed her son ready to expire. She immediately called to some of her people to carry him back to the rear: many of them accordingly crowded around him, some with a friendly intention to serve him, but more to have an oportunity to

quit the field. The loss of the Rajah, in short, together with the retreat of so many with his body, struck a panic into the rest, so that the unfortunate queen was left with only three hundred men in the field. The heroine, however, seemed no ways affected by her desperate situation: she stood her ground with her former fortitude, till she received an arrow in her eye: she endeavoured to extricate it from the wound, but as she tugged it, part of the steel broke short, and remained behind. In the mean time, another arrow passed through her neck, which she also drew out, but nature sinking under the pain, a dimness swam before her eyes, and she began to nod from side to side of the howdar, *(a wooden tower on the back of the elephant.)* She, however, recovered from her fainting by degrees; and a brave officer of her household, by name Adhar, who drove her elephant, singly repulsed numbers of the enemy whithersoever he turned the outrageous animal, begged permission, as the day was now irretrievable, to carry the queen from the field. She rejected the proposal with a noble disdain: "It is true said she, we are overcome in war, but shall we ever be vanquished in honour? Shall we, for the sake of a lingering ignominious life, lose that reputation and virtue which we have been so solicitous to acquire? No: let your gratitude now repay that service for which I lifted up your head, and which I now require at your hands. Haste, I say; let your dagger save me from the crime of putting a period to my own existence."

Adhar burst into tears, and begged, that as the elephant was swift of foot, he might be permitted to leave the field, and carry her to a place of safety. In the mean time, the queen, finding that the enemy crouded fast around her, and that she must be taken prisoner, suddenly leaning forward, seized the dagger of Adhar, and, plunging it into her bosom, expired. The death of the queen rendered Asaph Chan's victory compleat. Six Hindoo chiefs, upon their elephants, still stood firm; and being ashamed of being outdone by a woman, dedicated their lives to revenge the death of the queen.'

THE TRUE ENJOYMENTS OF LIFE.

In a letter to a friend.

May he survive his relatives and friends! was the imprecation of a Roman, on the person who should destroy the monument of his ancestors. A more dreadful curse could scarcely be denounced. I remember to have seen it somewhere recorded, that an emperor of China, on his accession to the throne, commanded a general release from the prisons, of all that were confined for debt. Amongst the number was an old man, who had been an early victim to adversity; and whose days of imprisonment, reckoned by the notches which he had cut on the door of his gloomy cell, expressed the annual revolution of more than fifty suns. With faultering steps he departed from his mansion of sorrow; his eyes were dazzled with the splendour of light; and the face of nature presented to his view a perfect paradise. The goal, in which he had been imprisoned, was at some distance from Pekin; and he directed his course to that city, impatient to enjoy the gratulations of his wife, his children, and his friends.

With difficulty he found his way to the street, in which formerly stood his decent habitation; and his heart became more and more elated at every step which he advanced. He proceeded, and looked with earnestness around; but saw few of those objects with which he was formerly conversant. A magnificent edifice was erected on the site of the house which he had inhabited. The dwellings of his neighbours had assumed new forms; and he beheld not a single face of which he had the least recollection. An aged pauper, who stood with trembling knees at the gate of a portico, from which he had been thrust by the insolent menial who attended it, struck his attention. He stopped to give him a pittance out of the bounty with which he had been supplied by the emperor's liberality; and received, in return, the sad tidings that his wife had fallen a lingering sacrifice to penury and sorrow; that his children were gone to seek their fortunes in unknown climes; and that the grave contained his nearest and most valuable friends. Overwhelmed with anguish, he hastened to the palace of his sovereign, into whose presence his hoary locks and mournful visage soon obtained admission; and casting himself at the feet of the emperor, Great Prince, he cried, re-

mand me to the prison, from which mistaken mercy hath delivered me! I have survived my family and friends; and in the midst of this populous city, I find myself in dreary solitude. The cell of my dungeon protected me from the gazers at my wretchedness; and whilst secluded from society, I was less sensible of the loss of social enjoyments. I am now tortured with the view of pleasures in which I cannot participate; and die with thirst, though streams of delight surround me.

If the horrors of a dungeon, my Alexis, be preferred to the world at large, by the man who is bereft of his kindred and friends, how highly should you prize, how tenderly should you love, and how studious should you be to please those near and dear relations, whom a more indulgent providence has yet preserved to you! Listen to the affectionate counsels of your parents; treasure up their precepts; respect their riper judgment: and enjoy, with gratitude and delight, the advantages resulting from their society. Bind to your bosom, by the most endearing ties, your brothers and sisters; cherish them as your best companions, through the variegated journey of life; and suffer no jealousies or feuds to interrupt the harmony which now reigns, and, I trust, will ever reign in this happy family. Cultivate the friendship of your father's friends; merit the approbation of the wise and good; qualify yourself, by the acquisition of knowledge, and the exercise of the benevolent affections, for the intercourse of mankind; and you will at once be an ornament to society, and derive from it the highest felicity.

P.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. VI.

Collatis undique membris.—Hor.

THE PARRICIDE.

The following very singular adventure is related as a fact in "*La Nouvelle Bibliothéque de Societé;*" and is said to have happened in one of the provinces of France. It is related in a letter to a friend:

The adventure which I am going to relate to you, my

dear friend, is of so strange and dreadful a nature, that you are the only person to whom I must ever disclose the secret.

The nuptials of Mademoiselle de Vildac were celebrated yesterday; at which, as a neighbour, custom and good-manners required my attendance. You are acquainted with M. de Vildac: he has a countenance which never pleased me; his eyes have often a wild and suspicious glare, a something which has always given me disagreeable sensations for which I could no way account. I could not help observing yesterday that in the midst of joy and revelry he partook not of pleasure; far from being penetrated with the happiness of his new son and daughter, the delight of others seemed to him a secret torment.

The feast was held at his ancient castle; and, when the hour of rest arrived, I was conducted to a chamber immediately under the Old Tower at the north end. I had just fallen into my first sleep, when I was awakened and alarmed by a heavy kind of noise over head. I listened, and heard very distinctly the footsteps of some one slowly descending, and dragging chains that clanked upon the stairs. The noise approached, and presently my chamber door was opened, the clanking of the chains redoubled, and he who bore them went towards the chimney. There were a few embers half extinguished; these he scraped together, and said in a sepulchral voice, "Alas! how long it is since I have seen a fire!" I own, my friend, I was terrified: I seized my sword, looked between my curtains, and saw by the glimmer of the embers a withered old man half naked, with a bald head and a white beard. He put his trembling hands to the wood, which began to blaze, and soon afterwards turned towards the door by which he entered, fixed his eyes with horror upon the floor, as if he beheld something most dreadful, and exclaimed with agony, "God! God!"

My emotion caused my curtains to make a noise, and he turned affrighted. "Who is there?" said he. "Is there any one in that bed?"—"Yes," I replied: "and who are you?" Contending passions would not for a while suffer him to speak; at length he answered, "I am the most miserable of men. This, perhaps, is more than I ought to say; but it is so long, so many years, since I have seen or spoken to a human being, that I

cannot resist. Fear nothing; come towards the fire; listen to my sorrows, and for a moment soften my sufferings!"

My fear gave place to pity; I sat down by him. My condescension and my feelings moved him; he took my hand, bathed it with tears, and said, "Generous man! let me desire you first to satisfy my curiosity. Tell me why you lodge in this chamber, where no man has lodged before for so many years; and what mean the rejoicings I have heard? what extraordinary thing has happened to-day in the castle?"

When I had informed him of the marriage of Vildac's daughter, he lifted up his hands to heaven—"Has Vildac a daughter! and is she married! Almighty God, grant she may be happy! grant she may never know guilt! He paused for a moment. "Learn who I am," said he, "You see, you speak to—the father of Vildac—the cruel Vildac! Yet what right have I to complain! Should I—should I call man or tyger cruel!"—"What!" exclaimed I with astonishment, "is Vildac your son? Vildac! the monster! shut you from the sight of man! load you with chains! And lives there such a wretch?"

"Behold," said he, "the power, the detestable power of riches! The hard and pitiless heart of my unhappy son is impenetrable to every tender sentiment: insensible to love and friendship, he is also deaf to the cries of nature; and to enjoy my lands, has hung these eating irons on me.

"He went one day to visit a neighbouring young nobleman who had lately lost his father: him he saw encircled by his vassals, and occupied in receiving their homage and their rents: the sight made a shocking impression upon the mind of Vildac, which had long been haunted with a strong desire to enjoy his future patrimony. I observed at his return a degree of thoughtfulness and gloom about him that was unusual. Five days afterwards I was seized during the night, carried off naked by three men masked, and lodged in this tower. I know not by what means Vildac spread the report of my death; but I guessed by the tolling of the bells and funeral dirge, more solemn than for inferior persons, they were performed for my interment. The idea was horrid; and I intreated most earnestly to be permitted to speak, but for a moment, to my son, but

in vain; those who brought me my food, no doubt, supposed me a criminal, condemned to perish in prison. It is now twenty years since I was first confined here. I perceived this morning that my door was not secured, and I waited till night to profit by the accident; yet I do not wish to escape; but the liberty of a few yards more is much to a prisoner."

"No," cried I, "you shall quit that dishonourable habitation. Heaven has destined me to be your deliverer, defender, support, and guide. Every body sleeps; now is the time; let us begone!"

"It must not be!" said he, after a moment's silence. "Solitude has changed my ideas, and my principles. Happiness is but opinion. Now that I am inured to suffer, why should I fly from my fate? What is there for me to wish in this world? The die is thrown, and this tower must be my tomb!"

Surely you dream!" answered I. "Let us not lose time; the night is advanced: we shall presently have but a moment. Come!"

"I am affected," replied he; "but cannot profit by your kindness. Liberty has no charms for my small remains of life. Shall I dishonour my son; or which way has his daughter given me offence, to whom I was never known, by whom I was never seen? The sweet innocent sleeps happily in the arms of her husband, and shall I overwhelm her with infamy? yet might I but behold her! might I but lock her in these feeble arms, and bedew her with my tears!—'Tis in vain! It cannot be! I never must look upon her!

"Adieu! Day begins to break, and we shall be surprised. I will return to my prison."

"No," said I, stopping him; "I will not suffer that. Slavery has enfeebled your soul; I must inspire you with courage. Let us begone; we will afterwards examine whether it be proper to make the matter public.—My house, my friends, my fortune, are at your service, No one shall know who you are; and, since it is necessary, Vildac's crime shall be concealed. What do you fear?"

"Nothing! I am all gratitude. But, oh, no! it cannot be! here I must remain!"

"Well, act as you please; but if you refuse to fly with me, I will immediately go to the governor of the province, tell him who you are, and return armed with

his authority and his power, to wrest you from the barbarity of an inhuman child."

"Beware what you do! abuse not my confidence. Leave me to perish. You know me not. I am a monster! Day and the blessed sun would sicken at my sight. Infamous I am, and covered with guilt—guilt most horrible! Turn your eyes upon that wall; behold these boards; sprinkled with blood, a father's blood;—murdered by his son; by me!—Ha! look! behold! do you not see him! he stretches forth his bleeding arms! he begs for pity! the vital stream flows out! he falls! he groans! Oh, horror! madness! despair!"

The miserable wretch fell convulsed with terror to the floor; and when fear and passion in part subsided, he durst not turn his guilty eyes towards me, where I stood transfixed with horror. As soon as he had the power, he approached the door:—"Farewell," said he, "be innocent, if you would be happy! The wretch who so lately moved your pity, is now become detestable to you as well as to himself; he goes undaunted to the dungeon, whence alive he never shall return!"

I had neither the power to speak or move. The castle was become a place most abominable; and I departed in the morning. I must leave the neighbourhood; I cannot bear the sight of Vildac, nor the remembrance of this night. How, my friend, is it possible that humanity can produce wickedness so intolerable and unnatural!

LORD SOMERS.

THIS great lawyer, to whom every Englishman who feels the blessings of that constitution of government under which he has the happiness to live owes the highest obligations, for the excellent and spirited defences he made of the two great bulwarks of it, the limited succession to the crown, and the trial by jury, is thus splendidly yet justly delineated by the nervous and spirited pencil of Lord Orford, in his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors."—"He was one of those divine men, who like a chapel in a palace remain unprofaned, whilst all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly. All the traditionary accounts of him," adds the noble writer, "and the historians of the last age, represent

him as the most incorrupt lawyer, and the honest statesman; as a master orator, a genius of the finest taste, and as a patriot, of the noblest and most extensive views; as a man who dispensed blessings by his life, and planned them for posterity."

The following anecdotes of Lord Somers were copied many years ago from a manuscript in the possession of the late Dr. Birch.

"April 26, 1716, died John Lord Somers. Burnet hath done him justice in several places, and Addison has given us his character in colours so strong, that little remaineth to be added.

"His application and capacity were equally great and uncommon. At his first going to school, he never gave himself any of the diversions of the age; for at noon the book was never out of his hand. To the last years of his life a few hours of sleep sufficed; at waking, a reader attended, and entertained him with the most valuable authors. Such management raised him to the highest eminency in his own profession, and gave him a superiority in all kinds of useful knowledge and learning.

"Natural strength and clearness of understanding thus improved, was the distinguishing peculiarity which appeared in all his performances. Every thing was easy and correct, pure and proper. He was unwearied in the application of all his abilities for the service of his country. As a writer, he greatly assisted the cause of liberty in the days of its utmost peril. As an advocate, a judge, a senator, and a minister, the highest praises and the most grateful remembrance are due to his merit.

"He was invariable and uniform in the pursuit of right paths. As he well understood, he was equally firm in adhering to the interest of his country while in its service, and when in a private station. To this uniformity the calumnies and reproaches of his enemies may be truly ascribed. They envied him his superiority; and as their wishes and designs were far from being engaged for the real welfare of society, a man so upright and able naturally became the object of their hatred. What greater misfortune can be entailed on popular government, than forwardness in receiving all the impressions of malevolence!

"When I had finished my letter, it came into my

head to add Somers's character, which was uniform, to Shrewsbury, which was all deformity.

" I have been so very short, not only for the reasons prefixed, but in expectation of your having additions from your truly worthy friend Mr. Yorke. The account of his behaviour at school I had many years ago from a school-fellow. I remember very well this account of Johnny Somers being a weakly boy, wearing a black cap, and never so much as looking on when they were at play, &c.

" Mr. Winnington's account is, that by the exactness of his knowledge and behaviour, he discouraged his father and all the young men who knew him. They were afraid to be in his company."

Towards the close of Lord Somers's Treatise * on the Succession, there is this very remarkable passage; " I will not (though I safely might) challenge these men to tell me wherever any settled nation, which had laws of their own, and were not under the immediate force of a conqueror, did ever admit of a king of another religion than their own. I will not insist on it, that the crown is not a bare inheritance, but an inheritance accompanying an office of trust, and that if a man's defects render him incapable of that trust, he has also forfeited the inheritance." In another place of this golden treatise he says, " I need not say how far a nation is to be excused for executing justice summarily, and without the tedious formalities of law, when the necessity of things requires haste, and the party flies from justice, and the confederates are numerous and daring, and the prince's life in danger."

A pretender to literature having owned a copy of verses which Lord Somers wrote, was asked by his Lordship, when he was presented to him as Lord Chancellor, whether he was really the author of the lines in question. " Yes, my lord, replied the pretended poet, " it is a trifle, I did it off-hand." On hearing this, Lord Somers burst out into a loud fit of laughter, and the gentleman withdrew in the greatest confusion.

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* The title runs thus: " A Brief History of the Succession, collected out of the Records, and the most Authentic Historians, written for the satisfaction of the Earl of ————." It was written in favour of the attempt to exclude the Duke of York, about the year 1679, and reprinted in 1714.

"The king (George the First)," says Lord Bolingbroke in a manuscript letter, "set out from Hanover in the resolution of taking the whigs into favour; but of oppressing no set of men who acknowledged the government, and submitted quietly to it. As soon as he came to Holland, a contrary resolution was taken by the joint importunity of the allies and of some of the whigs.

"Lord Townshend came triumphantly to acquaint Lord Somers with all the measures of proscription and of persecution which they intended, and to which the king had at last consented. The old peer asked him what he meant, and shed tears on the foresight of measures like to those of the Roman Triumvirate."

MARRIAGE; AND THE FLITCH OF BACON.

Marriage is a bold venture at the best,
But when we please ourselves we venture least.

SOUTH.

It is a dispute which will never be ended, whether the married or single state of life is attended with the greatest comforts and conveniences. When the married man is disturbed with the noise and ill humours of a clamorous wife, he envies the pleasure of a single life, and thinks all happiness included in the calm tranquillity and undisturbed condition of a batchelor. On the other side, when the single man beholds the kind and tender offices which mutually pass betwixt a faithful husband and a virtuous good-natured wife, he is charmed with the sweet society, and looks upon himself as a barren hopeless creature, shut out from all the comforts of the most delightful union in the world. The care, respect, and attendance which he sees paid to the master of a family, makes him look contemptible in his own eyes, and to despise a condition void of so many happinesses, and which he thinks renders him inconsiderable in the eyes of men.

When we consider man as a sociable creature, that stands in need of assistance from others, to make his life convenient and easy, we must certainly give the preference to the married state. It is an old complaint, that friends are inconstant and false, but he who is joined to

a good wife, has certainly found out a faithful friend, one who has no view or interest, different from his, and makes all his joys and sorrows her own.

Solomon in the Proverbs, has given us the description of a good wife, in a more beautiful character than I am able to draw; from him we shall borrow it.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies.

"The heart of her husband doth trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

"She will do him good, and not evil all the days of her life.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

"She is like the merchant's ship, she bringeth her food from afar.

"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

"She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she stretcheth forth her hands to the needy.

"Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

"Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children arise up, and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her, &c."

Sure no single man can read this description, and not wish himself married.—One thing we may say of the ladies, that they are either man's greatest comfort or his greatest plague.—This perhaps in a great measure depends upon their education, and the behaviour which they observe in their parents, while they are young, which we may take notice of upon some other occasion. We shall only observe here, that marriage is of great service to the commonwealth, and therefore all wise governments have encouraged it. In Sparta, those citizens who did not marry by a certain age, were debarred of certain privileges, and at the public games and sports, the young people were allowed to scoff at them. Plutarch mentions a circumstance of contempt shewn to a single man of the first rank in the city, in the public

theatre; when he entered the young men did not rise to do him honour, as it was customary to do to persons of his dignity: he asked a young man who was next him, why he did not rise; because answered the young man, *you have no son who shall do me the same honour when I am old!*.

Our countryman who granted the manor of Dunmow in Staffordshire, by that merry tenure, was, no doubt, a lover of union and harmony in the married state.—The grant I mean is, that of the gammon of bacon, which the lord of the manor is obliged to give to any couple, who, after a year and a day's marriage, can swear, they never once repented. The custom has been touched upon once before in a public paper, some years since; but as the form of the oath and other circumstances, the most curious, were there omitted, it remains with us to divert the public with them; accordingly we shall present them.

Dunmow Nuper Pryorat.

SIR—At a Court Baron of the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas Mayo, Kt. there holden on Friday the 27th Day of June, in the thirteenth year of the reign of our sovereign Lord William IIId. by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, defender of the Faith, &c. and in the year of our Lord 1701, before Thomas Wheeler, gent. steward of the said manor; it is thus inrolled.

Homag. { Elizabeth Beaumont, *Spinster*, Henrietta Beaumont, *Spinster*, Annabella Beaumont, *Spinster*, Jane Beaumont, *Spinster*, Mary Wheeler, *Spinster* } Jur.

Be it remembered, that at this court it is found and presented by the homage aforesaid, that William Parsley of Much Easton, in the county of Essex, butcher, and Jane his wife, have been married for the space of three years last past and upwards, and is likewise found, presented and adjudged by the homage aforesaid, that the said William Parsley and Jane his wife, by means of their quiet and peaceable, tender and loving cohabitation, for the space of time aforesaid, (as appears to the said homage,) are fit and qualified persons to be admitted by the Court, to receive the ancient and accustomed oath, whereby to entitle themselves to have the bacon of Dunmow delivered unto them, according to the cus-

tom of the manor: whereupon at this court, in full and open court, came the said William Parsley and Jane his wife, in their persons, and humbly prayed they might be admitted to take the oath aforesaid: whereupon the said steward, with the jury, suitors, and other officers of the court, proceeded with the usual solemnity, to the ancient and accustomed place, for the administration of the oath, and receiving the bacon aforesaid; that is to say, the two great stones lying near the church door within the said manor: where the said William Parsley and Jane his wife, kneeling down on the said two stones, the said steward did administer unto them the aforementioned oath in these words, or to this effect following, viz.

You do swear by custom of confession,
That you ne'er made nuptual transgression,
Nor since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls or contentious strife;
Or otherwise, in bed or at board,
Offend each other in deed or word,
Or in a twelve month's time and a day,
Repented not in thought any way;
Or since the church-clerk said AMEN,
Wished yourself unmarried again,
But continue true, and in desire,
As when you join'd hands in holy quire.

And immediately thereupon, the said William Parsley and Jane his wife, claiming the said bacon, the court pronounced the sentence for the same, in these words, or to the effect following, viz.

Since to those conditions without any fear,
Of your own accord you do freely swear,
A whole gammon of bacon you do receive,
And bear it away with love and good leave;
This is the custom of Dunmow well known,
Tho' the pleasure be ours, the bacon's your own.

And accordingly a gammon of bacon was delivered unto William Parsley and Jane his wife, with the usual solemnity.

Exam. THO. WHEELER, Steward.

Thus far the custom of the manor of Dunmow, and the form of obtaining the gammon of bacon there:— But while I was examining the court book of the said manor, I had the curiosity to enquire concerning the rank and quality of the good humoured persons, whose names stood there as examples of conjugal love; and the steward gave me to understand, that most of them were of the degree of yeomen, and scare any higher.

For my part, I expected to have found the names of dukes, lords, esquires, &c. and their consorts, imagining that wealth and plenty in the marriage state, should make people pleased and good humoured with one another, but my friend, the steward, assured me, that of late years they find it quite otherwise, as any person may be satisfied, who takes the pains to examine their entries. He told me, that some years since, a certain couple, who were persons of a top condition, threatened to come in great triumph to receive the gammon; that the kindred on both sides were invited to be present at the happy ceremony, that some liveries were making, and a multitude of favours bespoke, which were to be given away, at the wedding; but before the day came they parted, and the wife since, has by law obtained a separate maintenance. He shewed me another couple in the book, with a title tacked to their names, who he told me had complied with the custom of the manor, and being completely qualified, had actually received the flitch, but he assured me at the same time, that the husband was deaf, and the wife blind. Mr. Steward was pleased to add, that it was his opinion, that if all persons below the degree of people of fashion were excluded from any right to this gift, the lord of the manor *might save his bacon*.

EXPERIENCE MAKES FOOLS WISE.

Not it indeed; no, nor even men, who are not fools. For instance, experience may convince every man, even the wisest, that his "judgment constantly deceives him: is he not therefore a fool," says Montaigne, "if he does not distrust it?" Very true, Seigneur: but, pray, how many beings have you known, who, from this reflection, have become less positive in their manners, less dogmatical in their opinions, less sudden in their decisions?—Experience may shew every man, that public rumour *always* lies: that the facts related, however confidently warranted for truths, are often without any foundation at all, notwithstanding the proverb *no smoke without fire*; but always, by adding or diminishing, disguised and altered from their real selves. Yet, who is there, that hesitates to admit and swallow at once *any* thing said of *any* man, and especially (thanks to the milkiness of human nature) if to his disgrace or detriment?

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

Poems in two volumes, by William Wordsworth, Author of the Lyrical Ballads. sm. octavo. London, Longman & Co. 1807.

To those who interest themselves in the transactions of the literary world, the publication of the present volumes will prove a source of uneasiness. They will feel hurt that a man of genius should disgrace himself by such contemptible effusions, and the conduct of the publishers who introduce such trash into the world, merely because a name of some celebrity appears in the title page, whilst works of real merit by an unknown author would be neglected by them, must also excite the highest disgust.

Mr. Wordsworth possesses several of the most essential qualities of the poet. He has a lively fancy, strong feelings, an imagination bold, and sometimes even sublime, an originallity of expression, and has contemplated the scenery of nature for himself: but in taste he is deficient, and has still to learn "the last and greatest art, the art to blot."

Wanting this, his fancy frequently degenerates into conceit, his feeling into puerile affectation, his sublimity into bombast, and his originallity of expression into hardness and obscurity.

The present volumes probably contain a collection of the greatest absurdities that, under the name of poetry, were ever offered to the public; and when we have informed our readers that there are many, many more such ridiculous puerilities as the following, we imagine they will not be inclined to dispute our assertion.

"MOODS OF MY OWN MIND."

No. 2.

"The sun has long been set:
The stars are out by two's and three's;
The little birds are piping yet
Among the bushes and the trees;
There's a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes;
And a noise of wind that rushes,
With a noise of water that gushes;
And the cuckoo's sovereign cry
Fills all the hollow of the sky!

Who would go "parading
In London, and "masquerading,"
On such a night of June?
With that beautiful soft half moon
And all these innocent blisses,
On such a night as this is!"

WRITTEN IN MARCH,

While resting on the Bridge at the Fort of Brother's-water.

"The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun,
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest,
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains:
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!"

The above description is evidently from nature, but is rendered incapable of giving pleasure, from the childish manner in which it is expressed: lest these extracts should not be deemed sufficient, we have transcribed the following pretty little story.

"Among all lovely things my love had been;
Had noted well the stars, all flowers that grew
About her home; but she had never seen
A glow-worm, never one, *and this I knew.*
Cunning fellow!

While riding near her home one stormy night,
A single glow-worm did I chance to espy;
I gave a fervent welcome to the sight,
And from my horse I leapt; *great joy had I.*
Happy dog!

Upon a leaf the glow-worm did I lay,
To bear it with me through the stormy night:
And, as before, it shone without dismay
Albeit putting forth a fainter light.
Astonishing circumstance!

When to the dwelling of my love I came,
I went into the orchard quietly ;
And left the glow-worm, *blessing it by name*,
Laid safely by itself, beneath a tree.
Admirable precaution!

The whole next day, I hoped, and hoped with fear;
At night the glow-worm shone beneath a tree:
I led my Lucy to the spot, "*look here!*"
Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for me!"
Sympathetic innocence!

After giving the above, it cannot be supposed that we shall disgrace criticism by pointing out minute defects; when the body is past recovery, advice is useless.

Yet even amidst this mass of absurdities, "these vomittings of a sickly brain," may sometimes be perceived the traces of strong genius.—Amongst the sonnets are many beautiful compositions: the following, "To sleep," is natural, original, and poetical.

" Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, sleep!
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;
The very sweetest words that fancy frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!
Dear bosom child we call thee, that dost steep
In rich reward all suffering; balm that tames
All anguish; saint that evil thoughts and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone;
I surely not a man ungently made,
Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is crost?
Perverse, self-will'd to own and to disown,
Mere slave of them who never for thee pray'd,
Still last to come where thou art wanted most?"

Those who have gazed on the beauties of the opening morn, will also read the following extract from the poem of "Resolution and independence" with delight.

" All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain drops; on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist; *which, glittering in the sun,*
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run."

It is impossible to recal the verse which is given to the public: "Non erit emisso reditus tibi." yet we hope Mr. Wordsworth, in making a *future* collection of his poems, will reject the greater part of the present volumes. By the merit of his first publication, he had nearly established

a theory of poetical simplicity ; but we are fearful that by the *de*merit of this he has overthrown it. He has undoubtedly a poetical mind, but 'till it is refined by taste, his productions will be useless to the world, and disgraceful to himself.

A Letter addressed to William Garrow, esq. in which the conduct of counsel in the examination of witnesses, and commenting on their testimony, is fully discussed, and the licentiousness of the bar exposed. By Thomas Hague, 8*vo*. 3*s*. *Parsons.*

This is a very spirited pamphlet, close to the point, and deserving attention from the public, the bar, and the independent judges who preside over our courts of judicature. The insolence, and gross vulgarity, which counsel are too apt to assume as their *prerogative* in examining witnesses is minutely animadverted upon, and justly exposed. The author is entitled to the sincere thanks of the community, for the good sense he has displayed in arguing this question, and for his bold and animated censure of a practice very disgraceful to the profession of the law, frequently subversive of the ends of justice, and almost always injurious to the feelings of respèctable witnesses whose evidence is required in our courts. It is a *caustic* for Mr. Garrow, and men like him who presume on the privileges of an advocate, to insult, for the sake of a few guineas, the feelings of honourable men, and by senseless and vociferous gabble, bring the wise and wholesome principles of English jurisprudence into ridicule, disrepute, and contempt.

Mr. Hague very properly admits, that in all cases where a witness is *notoriously* dishonest or infamous, that truth and justice demand, that he be made known to the jury ; that prevarication and perjury require investigation by a subtle, sagacious, bold, an acute and imperious advocate such as Mr. Garrow; that the recesses of fraud ought to be searched, and the lurking places of crime laid open to the world. But Mr. G. adopts the same manners and language, applies the same epithets, to all descriptions of witnesses without discrimination. " I know not (he adds) if your railing and rudeness be in an increased ratio with the fee you receive; however, for one benefit obtained, one corrupt witness detected, a thousand wounds are inflicted, and as many men of honour, and witnesses of veracity, are insulted. Any system should

be terminated, where the good to be produced bears no proportion to the evil incurred. The practice I complain of rather tries the credit, the affluence, and the general conduct of the witnesses, than the question between the parties; and this too in a manner most vexatious and injurious."

This is true, and the practice should be *reformed altogether*. Mr. Hague submits also some salutary advice, connected with this vile *abuse of justice*, to our judges. He reminds them of a passage in Bacon, "There is due to the public a modest reprehension of advocates, where there is crafty instruction, gross neglect, slight information, *indecent pressing, or too bold a defence.*" Again, "I proceed now to lay it down as a proposition which I am ready and able to maintain, that where a witness is not, for some nefarious offence, disqualified by law, he is protected by law from all insult, exposure, and injury. He has a right to claim the protection of the court; to refer to the judge for his opinion, whether he be bound to answer the question or not?" This the judges and all intelligent men well know. The *sequel at the heels of this information* is, however, entitled to attention. "I say further, it is a part of the judge's *absolute duty*, to interfere, and restrain the bar from putting improper questions. I have the honour to know that Lord Ellenborough has felt and acted upon this principle: if he had not, I would thus publicly declare, that as counsel were originally educated in the study of the law for the purpose of facilitating the ends of justice, and of easing the office and labour of the judge, so, when they clog by impertinence, and vex by quibbles and prolixity, a witness cannot be compelled to answer any question that the counsel may put, unless the judge determine on the fitness of it. And if a judge were to neglect his duty, and not interfere, I take upon myself to assert, that the witness may refer every question for his approbation, before he answer; and the judge is as much obliged to advise, as he is to speak the truth: nor would any judge dare to commit a witness for not answering counsel, if the question were first referred to the bench, and answered, or not, as the judge might decide. *This is law;* but on account of the judges, I should be sorry to see it *in practice.*"

We have selected these passages as conveying the *spirit* of our author's tract. He seems to have relied

much on the case of Baron Hompesch, and we allow that he has defended the General very ably; we are of opinion however, that the Baron merited some castigation, though we think Mr. Garrow's remarks were as unjustifiable as they were indecent. We think, also, that some part of Mr. Hague's pamphlet smacks of personality, if not malignity, and we cannot pardon him for the disclosure he has made of some private anecdotes respecting Mr. G. They have little to do with the question, and injure the effect of the author's argument, which, as to its general tendency, is good and laudable.

With this exception, we repeat that this is an able pamphlet, and worthy of the public attention.

The Comic Works in Prose and Poetry, of G. M. Woodward, author of Eccentric Excursions in England; the Caricature Magazine, &c. 8*vo.* 7*s.* 6*d.* 1808.

For *Comic* Works, several of the articles contained in this book, bear rather a serious complexion; but neither the humour nor the pathos of the author are calculated to excite either mirth or sorrow. The following anecdote seems to be in his best manner, and is therefore transcribed as a specimen of Mr. Woodward's *Comic Works.*

"A few of the wandering children of Thespis, having procured a barn, for a temporary exhibition, announced the Tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," for representation, and an audience, much more numerous than was expected, attended. The *blooming* hero of the drama, was represented by the manager himself, who had long passed by his fiftieth year, and in appearance much more resembled the starved Apothecary, than the youthful Romeo! Yet, on this night, in his own opinion—he did wonders! His spouse (whose shape somewhat resembled a butter firkin) was the lovely Juliet, who having sighed, whined, and sobbed, through the principal scenes of the character, the charitable Muse, in pity for the audience, had graciously condescended to lodge her in the tomb of her ancestors. A large blanket was the substitute for the ancient monument of the Capulets, behind which, the lovely form of the horoine was intended to be discovered, as a

melancholy example of crossed love, to the surrounding village damsels, equipped in red cloaks and pattens !—Unfortunately, the lady behind the blanket had forgot her cue, and wisely considering the loss of the time, in any shape whatever, extremely reprehensible, entered into a scheme of amusement, till the time drew near for the discovery. Romeo knew nothing of this, and great was the expectation, when he lifted the iron crow, and threatened destruction to the defenceless covering; at length the tattered rags gave way, and displayed to the astonished audience, but more particularly to the son of Montague, his beloved Juliet, seated on the knee of one of the meanest of his father's household !

The Harp of Erin, containing the Poetical Works of the late Thomas Dermody, 2 vols. 12mo. Phillips, 1807.

The life of Thomas Dermody by the editor of the present collection of Poems, Mr. Raymond, presents an interesting account of the misfortunes, genius, and vices of that extraordinary character. Alternately patronized and rejected, meanly servile and indignantly proud, the companion of noblemen and men of letters, and mingling with the very refuse of society, an object at the same time of wonder and detestation. He soon finished his irregular and miserable career, and died two or three years ago in a state of utter beggary at Lewisham, in Kent.

As a poet he is above Savage and below Chatterton, both of whom he so much resembled in his life and manners. He had no great portion of that true creative genius which marks the real poet, but he had a wonderful memory which never lost what it had once stored up; and he had the talent, with a remarkable faculty of versification, of pouring out these acquired treasures at will, and of so skilfully combining them as to give them the appearance of originality. His choice of words was ample, and felicitous in the highest degree, and though sometimes wild and extravagant in his sentiments, he never sunk into flatness and insipidity.

The *Enthusiast* is one of his happiest productions. The " thoughts that breathe and words that burn" of the poet, are here to he found in abundance. The third stanza is borrowed too closely from Collins; but the whole is entitled to our admiration.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

With hurrying finger smite the fervid wire:
Th' intolerable rapture tears my soul;
I burn with inspiration's fiercest fire;
In lawless liberty my senses roll
Beyond demurer reason's coy controul,
Beyond the sapient bounds by prudence laid;
And while unwonted fantasies inspire,
Amid th' interminable waste of shade,
In mad delirium lost, my daring tour is made.

Carr'd in a cloud of hyacinthine hue,
Pluck'd from the lunar shrine, aloft I rise;
And wond'rous sights, unutterable view,
Ting'd with a thousand strange aye-shifting dyes,
Such as astound the weak and daunt the skies
But often by th' ecstatic gaze are seen,
When fancy animates the enamel'd skies
With radiant hosts minute, of wayward mien,
And dusky moonlight clothes the fay-encircled green.

High o'er the headlong torrents foamy fall,
Whose waters howl along the rugged steep
On the loose-jutting rocks, or mould'ring wall,
See where gaunt Danger lays him down to sleep!
The piping winds his mournful vigil keep;
The lightnings blue his stony pillow warm;
Anon, incumbent o'er the dreary deep,
The fiend enormous strides the labring storm,
And mid the thund'rous strife expands his giant form.

The vital stream, propell'd from every part,
Tumultuous leaves each veiny channel dry:
The purple flood flows heavy on my heart,
As started Madness meets my blasted eye.
How lamentable now his loaded sigh,
Of horrible intent, and fixed despair!
And now again, with agonizing cry,
He beats his boxen cheek, he rends his hair,
'Till in hot tears is quench'd his eyeball's fiery glare.

The sudden light that flash'd athwart his brain,
Dread interval! but more augments his woe;
Oft has that bare head brav'd the dashing rain,
Its brown locks oft been silver'd o'er with snow.
Ye savage tempests, cease awhile to blow;
Ye angry heavens: unfurl your sheeted flame:
From love's deluding cup the poisons flow,
That drench in anguish his distracted frame,
That leave him man's fair form without the boasted name.

Ah! who is she, of dark unsettled brow,
That bleeding drags an angel-shape behind,
And quaffs the living gore?—I know her now;
'Tis Jealousy, that monster of the mind,

In whom are thousand contraries combin'd:
Now moping, melancholy, o'er the wild;
Now fretful, rash, unreas'ning, unconfin'd;
In constancy's best blood her hands defil'd,
And strangling in its birth her own devoted child.

From thee, severe, insinuative pest,
Such crimes terrific tragically spring,
As in some tale, by fear's pale lip exprest,
Bid the babe closer to the bosom cling,
And breathe amazement o'er the shudd'ring ring.
Ne'er may thy stealing serpents, that devour
The roses wove in love's purpureal wing,
With cureless venom taint affection's flow'r,
Or coil thy latent deaths in my Anthemoe's bow'r!

Where is thy magic pencil, to pourtray
This scene so fraught with shadows of surprise;
Oh thou who, fir'd by one eccentric ray
Of Shakspeare, bad'st thy wild creation rise,
Revealing mystic rites to mortal eyes!
For lo! from darkness' unexhausted womb,
Spectres of horrid feature, hideous rise,
Or unimagin'd pow'r, inform the gloom
With motion and effect, and cheat the hungry tomb.

Here bat-like portents cleave the murky air,
And flap with strident scream the leathern wing;
Some, like the tyger rushing from his lair,
Start from the dense profound with furious spring;
Some in shrill tone their doleful dirges sing;
Some with their iron fangs prepare for prey;
Hiss the fell snakes; the rusty fetters ring;
Groans the rack'd wretch his stubborn soul away;
Or mid th' insatiate blaze half-figur'd goblins play.

Oh for the sprig of sacred misletoe,
Spell-breaking vervain, or as potent rue,
To scare those imps malign who work me woe!
Oh for nine drops of cold nocturnal dew,
O'er my pale front with mutter'd sleight to strew!
Aloof, in sullen apathy repos'd,
Yon demon huge I dread, of deadliest hue:
He rises ghastly, to my path oppos'd.
Ah! 'close the fearful scene:—the fearful scene is clos'd.

Now down the smooth declivity I float
Of nether ether, to a shelter'd vale;
Where, in its balmy bosom lodg'd remote,
A bevy of bright beings I may hail.
Hark! what sweet murmurs swell the musky gale,
Whose honey'd whispers joy and gladness give;
What tides of lusty health my lungs inhale;
What florid flushes my blank cheeks receive;
Here, in this happy dell, for ever would I live.

Minions of moonlight, let my slow step steal,
Unblam'd and guiltless, on your secret sport;
Removing soft the visionary veil
That wraps from vulgar ken the elfin-court,
Where no unhallow'd visitants resort.
Lo where the lords of Faery-land appear!
Chieftains, and frowning peers of princely port;
Sage counsellors, with piercing eye severe;
And less distinguish'd knights fast trooping in the rear,

The monarch's self majestic terrors grace;
Tipp'd with a horse-fly's tongue, a rush his spear;
A gnat's slight pinion shades his martial face;
A fish's scale his armed shoulders wear,
Lin'd with a scarf of shining gossamer;
Unknown in listed fray the prize to yield,
His rapier is a hornet's sting severe;
Superior to the rest, his shelly shield
Undauntedly he shakes, and overlooks the field.

But, moving slow upon my dazzled sight,
What miracle is this of loveliest charm?
Luxuriate in unspeakable delight,
I feel, I feel my shiv'ring senses warm:
All my best feelings own the fond alarm:
The courteous semblance becks me to her side:
That beamy smile secures me from all harm:
Her mandate I obey with pleasing pride:
'Tis she, the sylphid she, my late aerial bride.

"Full ill," she cries "my pupil, has thine ear
Receiv'd the moral lore I whilom taught;
Though prodigal of fancy, who will hear
Thy numbers vague, with no instruction fraught,
And destitute of heav'n-descended thought?
Though, slighting the severer rules of art,
With choicest cunning is thy descant wrought,
If thou to lull the sense neglect the heart,
Trust me, advent'rous youth, we suddenly must part."

She spoke; conviction follow'd as she spoke:
And though uncurb'd imagination scorn
To bend submissive to the servile yoke,
A temporary bondage must be borne.
The flaunting wild rose decks the crabbed thorn:
From surly rules sublimest labours grew.
No more my stricter song must you adorn,
Ye phantoms ever fair and ever new:
Adieu, delightful dreams; ye faery scenes, adieu.

(To be continued.)

Memoirs of the Rise and Progress of the Royal Navy, By Charles Derrick, Esq. of the Navy Office. 4*to.* 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* *Black and Parry.* 1807.

For the information conveyed in these memoirs the public are under considerable obligations to Mr. Derrick, who has collected many curious documents on this most important subject, and furnished a pretty satisfactory, if not a very interesting memoir of the rise and progress of our navy. He shews the "state of the navy, as to the number, tonnage, &c. of the several classes of the ships and vessels at different periods; when the naval force was promoted, neglected, or at least not augmented; and at what periods improvements in shipbuilding were introduced into it."

The shipwright of modern times will wonder at the world of unnecessary labour employed in the construction of a ship a century and a half ago. The following is the description of a vessel built in 1637, and called the *Sovereign of the Sea*, being the largest ship that had been then seen in England;

"This famous vessel was built at Woolwich, in 1637. She was in length by the keel 128 feet or thereabout, within some few inches; her main breadth 48 feet; in length, from the fore-end of the beak-head to the after-end of the stern, *à prora ad puppem*, 232 feet; and in height, from the bottom of her keel to the top of her lanthorn, 76 feet: bore five lanthorns, the biggest of which would hold ten persons upright; had three flush decks, a forecastle, half-deck, quarter-deck, and round-house.—

Her lower tier had..30 ports for cannon and demi-cannon.
Middle tier.....30 for culverines and demi-ditto,
Third tier .....26 for other ordnance,
Forecastle 12,

and two half-decks have 13 or 14 ports more within-board, for murdering pieces, besides 10 pieces of chace-ordnance forward, and 10 right aft, and many loop holes in the cabins for musquet shot. She had eleven anchors, one of 4400 pounds weight. She was of the burthen of 1637 tons. She was built by Peter Pett, Esq. under the direction of his father, Captain Phineas Pett*, one of

* Mr. Pett says of himself; "During my attendance at Court, in 1604, as his Grace's (the Prince of Wales's) Captain of his Ship,"

the principal officers of the navy. She hath two galleries besides, and all of most curious carved work, and all the sides of the ship carved with trophies of artillery and types of honour, as well belongiug to sea as land, with symbols appertaining to navigation; also their two sacred majesties, badges of honour: arms with several angels holding their letters in compartments, all which works are gilded over, and no other colour but gold and black. One tree, or oak, made four of the principal beams, which was 44 feet, of strong serviceable timber in length, 3 feet diameter at the top, and 10 feet at the stub or bottom.

"Upon the stem head a Cupid, or Child bridling a Lion; upon the bulk-head, right forward, stand six statues, in sundry postures: these figures represent Concilium, Cura, Conamen, Vis, Virtus, Victoria. Upon the hamers of the water are four figures, Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, Eolus: on the stern, Victory, in the midst of a frontispiece: upon the beak-head siteth King Edger on horseback, trampling on seven kings."

Highly as Mr. Derrick is to be commended for the information he has given to us, we think his book has too much of an official character. The historical part might be much improved as to the manner if not the matter of it.

Letters from England. By Don Manuel Alvarez Espriella. Translated from the Spanish. 3 *vols. Longman,* 1807.

It seems very likely that, according to the modern system of book-making, some needy Englishman has assumed a Spanish name and character, to amuse himself with satirical observations on our manners, politics, and national prejudices. MEISTER's *Letters*, we believe were written from similar motives. Be this as it may, the writer is a lively and intelligent observer, and we pardon any *finesse* of this kind, if the fraud is ingeni-

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&c. alluding to the small vessel he had built in 1604 for the Prince to amuse himself in above London-Bridge, and to make himself acquainted with Shipping; which vessel Mr. Pett brought to Lambeth from Chatham, on 18th March, and a few days after was sworn one of the Prince's Servants. Probably this occasioned him to go to sea two or three times in the Prince's own Ship, the Prince Royal, as we find by his own account he did.'

ously committed, and consistently pursued. We recommend the volumes as affording great variety of information, written in a very easy and lively manner, and abounding with interest and amusement. Our readers will not be displeased with the Anglo-Spaniard's description of the Cumberland lakes.

" We walked once more at evening to the lake side. Immediately opposite the quay is a little island with a dwelling-house upon it. A few years ago it was hideously disfigured with forts and batteries, a sham church, and a new druidical temple, and, except a few fir trees, the whole was bare. The present owner has done all which a man of taste could do in removing these deformities: the church is converted into a tool-house, the forts demolished, the batteries dismantled, the stones of the druidical temple employed in forming a bank, and the whole island planted. There is something in this place more like the scenes of enchantment in the books of chivalry, than like any thing in our ordinary world;—a building, the exterior of which promised all the conveniences and elegancies of life, surrounded with all ornamental trees, in a little island the whole of which is one garden, and that in this lovely lake, girt round on every side with these awful mountains. Immediately behind it is the long dark western mountain called Brandelow: the contrast between this and the island, which seemed to be the palace and garden of the Lady of the Lake, produced the same sort of pleasure that a tale of enchantment excites, and we beheld it under circumstances which heightened its wonders, and gave the scene something like the unreality of a dream. It was a bright evening, the sun shining, and a few white clouds hanging motionless in the sky. There was not a breath of air stirring; not a wave—a ripple or wrinkle on the lake: so that it became like a great mirror, and represented the shores, mountains, sky and clouds so vividly, that there was not the slightest appearance of water. The great mountain opening, being reversed in the shadow, became a huge arch; and through that magnificent portal the long vale was seen between mountains, and bounded by mountain beyond mountain,—all this in the water; the distance perfect as in the actual scene; the single houses standing far up in the vale—the smoke from their chimneys—every thing the same—the shadow and the substance joining at their

base; so that it was impossible to distinguish where the reality ended and the image began. As we stood on the shore, heaven and the clouds and the sun seemed lying under us; we were looking down into a sky, as heavenly and as beautiful as that overhead; and the range of mountains, having one line of summit under our feet, and another above us, were suspended between two firmaments."

"The rain now ceased, and the clouds grew thinner. They still concealed the summits, but now began to adorn the mountain, so light and silvery did they become. At length they cleared away from the top, and we perceived that the mountain, whose jagged and grotesque rocks we had so much admired, was of a pyramidal shape. That on the southern side of the dale head, which was of greater magnitude, and therefore probably, though not apparently, of equal height, had three summits. The clouds floated on its side, and seemed to cling to it. We thought our shore tamer than the opposite one, till we recollected that the road would not be visible from the water; and presently the mountain which had appeared of little magnitude or beauty while we passed under it, became, on looking back, the most pyramidal of the whole, and in one point had a cleft summit like Parnassus; thus forming the third conical mountain of the group, which rose as if immediately from the head of the lake, the dale being lost. But of all objects *the screes* was the most extraordinary. Imagine the whole side of a mountain, a league in length, covered with loose stones, white, red, blue and green, in a long straight line as the torrents had left them, in sheets and in patches, sometimes broken by large fragments of rocks which had unaccountably stopt in their descent, and by parts which, being too precipitous for the stones to rest on, were darkened with mosses,—and every variety of form and colour was reflected by the dark water at its foot: no trees or bushes upon the whole mountain,—all was bare, but more variegated by this wonderful mixture of colouring than any vegetation could have made it."

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Two Faces under a Hood, a Comic Opera, in three acts, performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, written by Mr. Thomas Dibdin, the music composed by Mr. Shield. Clementi, and Co. Price 15s.

After so long an absence from the boards of Covent Garden, we sincerely rejoice that Mr. Shield has resumed his station there. Since the time of Arne, we have had no composer so completely fitted to sustain the character, and improve the stile of the English opera, as Shield. In proportion therefore as we regretted his absence, we now hail his return to the situation, which he so long and so ably filled. The opera before us is a voluminous production: it ocupies 120 folio pages Of these many will not come under our notice; the songs of which Fawcett and Liston are the performers, are not fit subjects of musical criticism: we only regret that they should occupy so large a portion of the volume. The principal singers in the piece are Mrs. Dickons, Mrs. Liston, Miss Bolton, and Mr. Incledon; Mr. Bellamy, and Mr. Taylor, have only a song each. We wish that Mr. Shield had given the former gentleman more opportunity for the display of his powers — he is a very respectable performer. The first piece in the opera, is a trio for three voices; it is in a simple stile, with now and then a pretty turn. Instead of the song given to Mr. Bellamy, (" *Entre nous,*") we should have preferred something in the stile of " *As burns the charger,*" in which Charles Bannister once, and more recently Sedgwick, had such ample scope for the display of their powers: — the present is a very good song, but it is not a good bass song. A ballad, sung by Mrs. Dickons, follows; it is in the natural and easy stile of the author, and is very well adapted to the words. The chorus, " *Fighting far away,*" is bold and animating ." *The Blast of War,*" is an excellent song, the different strains are well contrasted, and the accompaniment is judiciously adapted: Mr. Incledon's voice is capable of giving to every part its full effect, and indeed we have seldom heard a song to which he was capable of doing greater justice. Pages 41 to 43, contain a pretty trio and chorus, the effect of which in performance is remarkably good. The succeeding scene is partly original, and partly compiled from Anfossi and Haydn. Mr. Shield has decidedly the advantage over the former composer, but the chorus from Haydn tells well. It is precisely that sort of chorus which is calculated to suit both the singers and the auditors of a theatre: difficult and elaborate chorusses never please on a stage, when attempted they have always failed of success. The Polacca is a happy specimen of that species of air, and affords Mrs. Dickons an opportunity of exerting her powers of execution with very good effect. Miss Bolton's song, " *Welcome Freedom, welcome Pleasure,*" is certainly one of the best in the opera: the melody

is beautiful, and the accompaniment sufficiently interesting to attract the attention of the auditor, without diverting it too much from the singer. Mr. W. Parke's execution of the obligato flute part is masterly. The chorus, "*Hark the Abbey Chimes*," is arranged for stage effect, and it succeeds so well in representation, that we have always wished it twice as long. "*When o'er the Billows*," is a good sailor's song, and is well suited to Mr. Taylor's powers, but it is not good enough to occupy, as it does, four pages of the opera. The ballad, "*Then prythee no more come to woo*, is not only sung but composed by Mrs. Dickons. In this stile we think more favourably of her as a composer than as a singer; the air is pretty enough. Shield's beautiful glee "*O happy Fair*," follows, adapted to Mr. Dibdin's words. The original we regard as one of Mr. Shield's happiest efforts, and we can scarcely rank it second to any three part glee of modern times. We cannot think it at all well adapted to the powers of the three gentlemen who sing it, and on that account we wish it had not been introduced in the opera. We regret that Mrs. Liston's song "*All in the silent Convent's Cell*," is not longer, since both it and the singer are too good to be dismissed in six lines: the accompaniment for the harp and the organ are quite adapted for stage effect. We wish that Mrs Dickons's bravura had been written, instead of being only adapted by Mr. Shield: he has composed many better bravura songs, and we are quite certain that he could have written a better than that before us. Besides we wish in an English opera to have English music, and not that mongrel sort of composition in which both words and music are tortured, to make it possible that they should be sung in English. The finale, to borrow a line from one of Fawcett's songs, is a "very merry, hey down derry sort of a thing enough."

After having thus examined the merits of each piece in detail, it may be expected that we should offer our opinion on the opera as a whole. To make comparisons is generally an unpleasant task, but perhaps one cannot fairly determine the rank of such a work as this, except by comparison. If then we compare it with the operas of other composers of the present day, we shall at once pronounce it to be very far superior to them, but if we compare it with Mr. Shield's other operas, we must hesitate before we give a similar opinion. From the author of the *Woodman*, and *Robin Hood*, we must frankly own that we expected more. There is certainly much in the present opera clearly to discover the hand of a master, but there is also some which in our estimation is inferior to what might have been expected from such a composer as Mr. Shield.

We shall offer no apology to our readers for having criticised this opera so much at length:—unlike many of the compositions which daily issue from the press, a work of Shield's is, or ought to be destined to command the applause of suceeeding generations. Whether the general merit of this opera shall be sufficient to perpetuate its popularity, time alone can shew; but of this we are certain that parts of it will not cease to be admired, so long as a taste for good music shall remain.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE ——*Shakspeare.*

A BRIEF SUPPLEMENT TO COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

By Tony Aston.

[*Continued from page* 195.]

MR. AND MRS. VERBRUGGEN.

JACK VERBRUGGEN, that rough diamond, shone more bright than all the artful polished brilliants that ever sparkled on our stage.---(JACK *bore the* BELL *away.*)--- He had the words perfect at one view, and nature directed them into voice and action, in which last he was always pleasing---his person being tall, well-built and clean; only he was a little in-kneed, which gave him a stumbling gait, which was a carelessness, and became him.--- His chief parts were *Bajazet*, *Oroonoko*, *Edgar* in King *Lear*, *Wilmore* in the *Rover*, and *Cassius*, when Mr. *Betterton* played *Brutus* with him.--- Then you might behold the grand contest, *viz.* whether nature or art excelled---*Verbruggen*, wild and untaught, or *Betterton* in the trammels of instruction.---In *Edgar* in King *Lear*, *Jack* shewed his judgment most; for his madness was unlimitted: whereas he sensibly felt a tenderness for *Cordelia*, in these words, (speaking to her) *As you did once know Edgar.* And you may best conceive his manly, wild starts, by those words in *Oroonoko---Ha! thou hast rous'd the lion in his den; he stalks abroad, and the wild forest trembles at his roar* :---which was spoke, like a lion, by *Oroonoko*, and *Jack Verbruggen;* for nature was so predominant, that his second thoughts never altered his prime performance. The late Marquess of *Hallifax* ordered *Oroonoko* to be taken from *George Powel*, saying to Mr. Southern, the author, that *Jack* was the unpolished hero, and would do it best. In the *Rover* (*Wilmore*) never were more beautiful scenes than between him, and Mrs. *Bracegirdle*, in the character of *Helena*; for, what with *Verbruggen's* untaught airs, and her smiling repartees, the audience were afraid they were going off the stage every moment. *Verbruggen* was nature, without extravagance, freedom without licentiousness, and voci-

ferous without bellowing.—He was most indulgently soft, when he says to *Imoinda*,—*I cannot, as I would, bestow thee; and, as I ought, I dare not.* Yet with all these perfections, *Jack* did, and said, more silly things than all the actors besides; for he was drawn in at the common cheat of pricking at the girdle, cups and balls, &c. and told his wife one day that he had found out a way to raise a great benefit. *I hope*, said she, *you'll have your bills printed in* gold letters. *No, no, better than that*, said he; *for I'll have the king's arms all in gold letters.* As Mr. *Verbruggen* had nature for his directress in acting, so had a known singer, *Jemmy Bowen*, the same in music: He, when practising a song set by Mr. PURCELL, some of the music told him to grace and run a division in such a place. *O let him alone*, said Mr. *Purcel; he will grace it more naturally than you, or I, can teach him.* In short an actor, like a poet,

Nascitur, non fit.

And this author prizes himself on that attempt, as he hath had the judgment of all the best critics in the character of *Fondlewife* in the *Old Batchelor*. *If you would see Nature*, say they, *see* Tony Aston—*if art*, Colley Cibber; and, indeed, I have shed mock tears in that part often involuntarily.

Mrs. VERBRUGGEN claims a place next. She was all art, and her acting all acquired, but dressed so nice, it looked like nature. There was not a look, a motion, but what were all designed; and these at the same word, period, occasion, incident, were every night, in the same character, and alike; and yet all sat charmingly on her. Her face, motion, &c. changed at once: but the greatest, and usual position was laughing, flirting her fan, and *je ne scay quois*, with a kind of affected twitter. She was very loath to accept of the part of *Weldon* in *Oroonoko*, and that with just reason, as being obliged to put on men's cloaths—having thick legs and thighs, corpulent and large posteriors; but yet the town (that respected her) compounded, and received her with applause; for she was the most pleasing creature that ever appeared: adding to these, that she was a fine, fair woman, plump, full-featured; her face of a fine, smooth oval, full of beautiful well-disposed moles on it, and on her neck and breast. Whatever she did was not to be called acting; no, no, it was what she represented; she was neither more nor less, and was the most easy actress in the

world. The late Mrs. OLDFIELD, borrowed something of her manner in free comedy; as for tragedy, Mrs. Verbruggen never attempted it. *Melanthe* was her master-piece; and the part of *Hillaria* in *Tunbridge-Walks*, could not be said to be acted by any one but her. Her maiden name was *Percival;* and she was the widow of Mr. *Mountford*, (who was killed by Lord *Mohun*), when Mr. *Verbruggen* married her. She was the best conversation possible; never captious, or displeased at any thing but what was gross or indecent; for she was cautious lest fiery *Jack* should so resent it as to breed a quarrel; for he would often say, *though I don't much value my wife, yet nobody shall affront her, by G——;* and his sword was drawn on the least occasion, which was much in fashion at the latter end of King *William's* reign; at which time I came on the stage, when Mr. Dogget left it; and then the facetious *Joe Haines* was declining in years and reputation, though a good actor and poet. His Prologues were exceeding all ever wrote. [Vide love and battle.]

(To be concluded next month.)

NOTANDA DRAMATICA.

No. IV.

1. A SINGULAR METHOD OF OBTAINING THE FREEDOM OF THE THEATRE.

ON the 16th of February, 1739, as one John Somerford, a lawyer, (who came into the upper gallery at the Theatre-Royal in Covent Garden at the latter end of the play), was pressing forward in order to get a better place, he was pushed by a person who took disgust at his standing before him, which occasioned the lawyer to loose his footing, and he tumbled into the pit, (the depth of 30 feet), between two rows of the audience without receiving any damage: he got up immediately, and begging the people to let him pass, swore he would bring the fellow down with the devil to him; which he accordingly did, and carried him before the Justice of the Peace, who bound him over. When the lawyer fell down, one of his legs hit Mrs. Gunter, a broker's wife

in High Holborn, on the head, which stunned and frighted her very much ; but Mr. Burrel, an eminent surgeon happening to be in the house, came immediately to her assistance, let her blood, and examining if she had received any bruise or wound, found she had not; and about 12 o'clock, Mr. Rich sent a message to know how she did, and was answered, that she was well. After the whole performance was over, Somerford went to Mr. Rich, and facetiously told him, that he had made himself free of the gallery, and hoped he should have the liberty of going into it whenever he pleased; this Mr. Rich consented to, with a provided always that he did not come out of it in the same abrupt manner, to which proviso the lawyer readily agreed.

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2. THE KING AN ACTOR.

CATO was acted at Leicester-House, on the fourth of January, 1749.—The parts are as follow:

Cato, ... Master Nugent.
Portius, ... Prince George, [his present Majesty].
Juba, ... Prince Edward.
Sempronius, ... Master Evelyn.
Lucius, ... Master Montague.
Decius, ... Lord Milsington.
Syphax, ... Lord North's son.
Marcus, ... Master Madden.
Marcia, ... Princess Augusta.
Lucia, ... Princess Elizabeth.

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3. ANECDOTE OF REDDISH.

ON the 9th of March, 1773, Reddish was advertised to play *Alonzo*, in Mr. Home's tragedy of that name, but forgetting the circumstance 'till late in the evening, he went in great agitation to Bow-street, and made the following affidavit before Sir Sampson Wright.

"Samuel Reddish of Drury-lane Theatre, maketh oath, and declares that the only reason of his not being at the Theatre this night, to perform his part in the new Tragedy of *Alonzo*, was entirely owing to his thinking it was an Oratorio night; and that this unhappy mistake may be misconstrued into a wilful neglect of his

duty, and most humbly begs pardon of the Public for disappointment. SAMUEL REDDISH.

Sworn before me the 9th of March, 1773.—SAM. WRIGHT.

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4. CHARACTER OF QUIN.

QUIN was a man of strong, pointed sense, with strong passions, and a bad temper; yet in good humour was an excellent companion, and better bred than many who valued themselves upon good manners. 'Tis true when he drank freely, which was often the case, he forgot himself, and there was a sediment of brutality in him when you shook the bottle; but he made you ample amends by his pleasantry and good sense when he was sober. He told a story admirably and concisely, and his expressions were strongly marked: however, he often had an assumed character, and spoke in blank verse which procured him respect from some, but exposed him to ridicule from others, who had discernment to see through his pomp and affectation. He was sensual and loved good eating, but not so much as was generally reported with some exaggeration; and he was luxurious in his descriptions of those turtle and venison feasts, to which he was invited. He was, in his dealings, a very honest, fair man; yet he understood his interest, and knew how to deal with the managers, and never made a bad bargain with them: in truth it was not an easy matter to over-reach a man of his capacity and penetration, united with a knowledge of mankind. He was not so much an ill-natured, as an ill-humoured man, and he was capable of friendship. His airs of importance, and his gait, were absurd; so that he might be said to walk in blank verse as well as talk; but his good sense corrected him, and he did not continue long in the fits. I have heard him represented as a cringing, fawning fellow, to lords and great men; but, I could never discover that mean disposition in him. I observed he was decent and respectful in high company, and had a very proper behaviour, without arrogance or diffidence, which made him more circumspect, and consequently less entertaining. He was not a deep scholar, but he seemed well acquainted with the works of DRYDEN, MILTON, and POPE; and he made a better figure in company with his

stock of reading, than any of the literary persons I have seen him with.

It was the fashion in the latter part of his professional life to run down his theatrical character; but he stood unrivalled in his comic parts of *Falstaff*, *The Spanish Friar*, *Volpone*, *Sir I. Brute*, &c.; and surely he had merit in *Cato*, *Pierre*, *Zanga*, *Coriolanus*, and those stern manly characters which are now lost to our stage. He excelled where grief was too big for utterance; and he had strong feelings, though CHURCHILL has pronounced that he had none. He had defects, and some bad habits, which he contracted early, and which were incurable in him as an actor.

The foregoing character was written by Mr. Gahagan, an Irish gentleman, who had been intimate with Quin, Foote, Garrick, &c. Foote told Mr. Henderson that Gahagan was the original of *Aircastle* in the Cozeners, and it must be owned his rambling mode of conversation countenanced the assertion.

LEGEND.

ON THE FABLE OF TRAGEDY.

From the MS. of an eminent Literary Character deceased.

ON THE UNITIES.

THE unities of time, place, and action, come next to be considered. Of these much hath been said, but little is concluded; and the writer of this slight Essay is far from imagining that any thing which he may have to observe, will much contribute to settle what hath been so long undetermined. The total violation of these rules of unity which Shakspeare hath been guilty of, is doubtless indefensible; but whether that strict adherence to them, which the French writers have bound themselves to observe, may not contribute, at the same time, to fetter and confine their genius, is a question that seems to merit some consideration. The rules, it must be granted, are founded on nature and truth; but as a strict observation of them would certainly exclude many excellent stories entirely from the stage, and cramp and embarrass as many more in the representation, methinks it cannot be very blamable that our writers should in this respect indulge themselves with a little relaxation.

The story of a tragedy, says Fontenelle, ought, in strictness, to take up no more time than what passes in the representation of it; and all the scenes ought to lie precisely in the same place with the first. Every writer, it is true, should endeavour to come as near to this perfection as possible; and if his subject is capable of such exactness, it is very well: but if this cannot be entirely attained, let it be considered, says he, as a matter of not much importance. Such a concession as this, from a French writer, is what one would not have expected. But necessity absolves the breach of all laws: not one story in ten could possibly be restrained from transgressing against these rules, without sacrificing greater beauties to the observance of them. I would, however, by no means be thought to encourage a total disregard to these restraints; a reasonable submission to wholesome laws is certainly our duty as well in a poetical as a political capacity; and though liberty may be the most desirable and the most pleasing of all enjoyments, yet it behoves the man and the poet to guard themselves against licentiousness. That a tragic story should be confined to begin and end upon the same individual spot; and that a train of incidents and events, proper to bring on such changes of fortune in the principal persons, as shall naturally produce a sufficient variety of passion and distress, should all happen, not only on that same spot, but in the space of two or three hours, is surely very difficult and almost unnatural to suppose; but that they should arise within the space of twelve or twenty-four hours, and within the compass of a small neighbourhood, as it may be more easily imagined, so it will be more readily allowed. The Greeks, it is true, did not always give themselves this liberty; and the reason they did not seems probably to have arisen from their theatrical representations being originally composed of a chorus alone. The songs and dances of this chorus were at first the whole of the entertainment: Thespis, indeed, soon introduced another speaker; but what he recited was scarcely of a piece with the musical representation of the chorus, and was probably intended only to give them some intervals of respite: but when Æschylus afterwards added a second person, and Sophocles a third to the second, and so, by degrees, established the natural form of dialogue on the stage, these accessories soon became principals, and the chorus in its turn served only to give

respite to the actors. If this seems a true account of the matter, it would appear that the chorus was retained, not that the persons of it might be used as the moralizing spectators of the action represented, since moral reflections, provided they are short, come surely with more nature and force from the persons of the drama, who being deeply affected in the scene, throw them out with greater propriety and with more effect: nor is a chorus necessary to prevent the poet from violating the unities of time and place, since he may preserve those unities, if he pleases, as well without one: neither yet does it appear to be of much use to direct the audience in their judgment and feelings, since if the piece is so written as naturally to affect the chorus, it must certainly at the same time affect the audience themselves; or, if it does not, is it likely to have much power over them at second-hand, from the remarks of the chorus; but it seems, I say, to have been retained on the theatre, because it was originally in possession of it, and its music, dances, and shew, were probably very pleasing to the people.

And as I have partly wandered from my subject, I will stop short, and return to it. The question concerning the observation or neglect of the unities of time and place, seems naturally to resolve itself into this alternative; whether the author shall strain his invention, and violate probability, in bringing all the persons of his drama, and all the several incidents necessary to support it, precisely to the same spot, and make them all happen within the space of two or three hours; or whether he had not better follow his personages into different rooms in the same house, or different houses in the same city or neighbourhood, and extend his time to twelve or twenty-four hours. Against the first of these methods will be objected, the improbability that all the persons and events of a dramatic fable should meet and happen on the same spot, and almost at the same time; against the second, the difficulty that an audience will have, sitting in the same place, to suppose themselves transported into different ones, now into a private room, and now into a senate; and, though they attend but two or three hours, to persuade themselves that they have been witness to the events of twelve or twenty-four. For my own part, as the stage is a kind of fairy ground, and the instant the curtain is drawn up, the audience find themselves conveyed to the banks of the Nile, or the palace of a

Turkish emperor; I cannot feel much difficulty in yielding a little farther to the delusion, and by the happy enchantment of changing the scenes, can easily fancy myself in different places, though sitting in the same. I would not be understood, as I have said before, to plead for an unlimited violation of these unities. I would not have an author be now in Afric, and presently in Asia; nor represent a child born in the first act, and married in the last; but would willingly endeavour, with Mr. Dryden, to compromise the matter within reasonable bounds on both sides.

And here, I believe, we may as well rest the question concerning the unities of time and place. As to the unity of the action, I think the strict observation of this a matter of more importance.

Whoever sits down to form a fable, whether of the lower and more simple kind, as the Esopian; or of the higher and more complex, as the Epic or Dramatic; must certainly propose to himself some end to which his aim shall direct the composition; that is, he must primarily intend to teach and inculcate some one moral truth; and a just attention to such a design will naturally lead him to select or invent some one single action, properly enriched with a variety of incidents, and adapted to enforce the maxim which he has chosen to illustrate. A double or mixed story would embarrass and perplex him in the pursuit of his end; and, of course, bewilder and distract the attention of an audience; and, on the other hand, a barren unadorned simplicity would have nothing to entertain. But to plan and construct a fable, where unity and simplicity are happily diversified with a pleasing variety, this is the labour, this the great work of a tragic poet. And whoever, through ignorance or mistake, shall fail in contriving this first plan, and in laying this necessary foundation, will be in great danger of building nothing more than a monument of his own ill fortunes or want of capacity.

In order to prevent so great a mortification, and hide as much as possible any little imperfection that may attend even the most perfect plan, it behoves the poet, in the next place, to take all possible care in choosing such an action as may powerfully excite the passions of the heart; as when these are strongly engaged, the mind is by no means at leisure to examine into little incorrectnesses of story.

Many other considerations, which though they may appear minute, are yet important, must occupy the brain of him who meditates the plan of a tragedy, and entertains the ambitious hope of bringing it to any degree of perfection. Fame will never be the portion of carelessness, haste, or inattention: the reward of genius must be obtained by the circumspection of judgment, and the sweat of industry. He must take care that his events, though probable, are yet marvellous; that his characters are diversified, contrasted, and well supported; that there be neither so many of them as to embarrass him in the conduct of his business, nor so few as to starve his subject, and disgust the spectator with constantly seeing the same faces, and he must so dispose of them when off the stage, as well as when upon it, that the audience may always know how they are employed; he must consider what actions will bear to be exhibited, and what will best be thrown into narration; employ his inferior characters as little on the stage as possibly he can; and so contrive his plan as to avoid the necessity of frequent soliloquy; in short, he must give to all his characters their proper sentiments, and clothe these sentiments in an elegant propriety of language, in words fitted not only to the character represented, but so musically disposed as to flow with ease and harmony from the lips of the speaker. Let only him, I say, who is not discouraged at the appearance of all these labours, but resolutely determines to make his way through them with deliberate caution, presume to venture on the bold attempt of writing a tragedy; for whoever shall lightly enter on such a design, and flatter himself that he may elude these toils by the mere force and facility of his genius, will probably find himself miserably deceived; as the general who should neglect to join with his courage a consummate prudence and vigilant care, must never hope to enjoy the glory of great achievements.

ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

THERE is one general defect in the catastrophe of our tragedies, which may be so easily corrected, though it is the grossest violation of nature and propriety, that I am astonished it has not yet occurred to any of our dramatic writers. This defect is the total inattention which is ma-

nifested for the recovery of any principal character when wounded, even by the persons most afflicted at the melancholy event, and most naturally solicitous to prevent the fatal consequences of the stroke. The moment a hero has received the unhappy blow, we conclude him dead of course; and his wife, his mother, or his father lament him in accents of excruciating anguish, without once dreaming of sending for a physician or the surgeon. Instead of flying for assistance, they only pester him with fine speeches, and never recollect, that deepest testimonies of sorrow are not half so useful as a little well applied lint, and the timely examination of a sensible practitioner.

I am well aware that critics will say, that a nice attention to so minute a circumstance of propriety, will be productive rather of disagreeable than pleasing effects. That it will frequently render a catastrophe cold, languid, and uninteresting, and that we shall more than lose in passion, what we acquire by exactness. I am, however, of a very different opinion: all theatrical impressions are made in proportion as the object bears a resemblance to nature, and though many things may be strictly natural which are improper for representation, yet such as *are* represented should be perfectly conformable to custom and to common sense. For my own part, when I see Cato surrounded by his friends, and hear the lamentations of his dutiful son and daughter, I am ready to execrate the whole group as a pack of hypocrites, not a soul endeavours to procure a bit of plaister for the poor man, who is bleeding to death before them, though all are such wonderful patterns of sensibility, and consider the expiring patriot with the highest veneration.

I remember sitting near Foote to see the tragedy of Jane Shore at Covent-garden theatre, when the wag made an observation that set me into a hearty fit of laughter, even in the most affecting scene of the performance, the scene where Dumont discovers himself to his wife in the fifth act, after she has performed her public penance, and is expiring through hunger in the street. Here while Shore was pouring out the whole compassion of her heart for her miserable situation, the modern Aristophanes exclaimed "*Fine? Ah very fine? yet a halfpenny roll, with a bit of double Gloster, and a single pint of porter, would do the good woman more service than the prettiest turned period in the power of poetry.*"

Rowe himself knew this criticism to be obvious, and

therefore guarded against it, by making Dumont carry conserves in his pocket for the immediate nourishment of the heroine; but the circumstance, though natural in the strictest degree, was one of those natural circumstances which gave disgust, and it has been for many years omitted in the representation. Now, had the poet immediately endeavoured to remove the penitent, yet rendered her immediate removal impossible, on account of her deplorable condition; and had he dispatched Belmour, after the husband has pronounced her pardon, for assistance, he would have done every thing necessary for him to do. His distressful scene with Shore would be critically proper; and Belmour instead of being a cold, silent spectator, might return just as the unhappy woman expires, time enough to conclude the play with his present reflection upon the danger of conjugal infidelity. An alteration of this kind could be introduced within the compass of ten lines, and, I do not suppose, a greater number would be requisite to correct the irregularity which I have here ventured to point out, in the general run of our tragic catastrophes.

The necessity of a reformation like this in our drama, becomes the more evident, when we recollect, that the catastrophe is the most important part of a play, and that the same motive which makes us feel for the untimely death of a favourite character must make us equally solicitous for its preservation; while our friends therefore live in imaginary, as well as in real life, let us do our utmost to save them; an impropriety here is doubly improper. A violation of the manners, or a disregard of the unities, is trivial in comparison to such a neglect of the heart; and as the error is so easily avoided, the poet who commits it, is wholly without excuse.

SENEX.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF DAVID ROSS, Esq.

The father of Mr. Ross, was formerly a writer to the signet at Edinburgh, but settled in London in 1722, as a Solicitor of Appeals, in which profession he lived with considerable credit.

David was born in the year 1728, but at the early age of thirteen unfortunately lost his father's affections by some indiscretions at Westminster school; which he was so unhappy as never to regain;—and though in his letters the old gentleman attributes the cause of his anger to

his son's heedlessness and inattention, yet so far did he carry his resentment, as to be capable of sporting with his son's misfortunes, in the hour of quitting this world, as will appear from the following injunction in his will: "and also that the said Elizabeth Ross shall be obliged to pay, or cause to be paid, to her said brother David Ross, the sum of one shilling upon the first day of every month of May, that being his birth-day, thereby to put him in mind of the misfortune he had to be born."

The late D. Ross came upon Covent-garden stage about the year 1753; and having the advantages of a good person and education, gave an earnest of those talents which afterwards, with close cultivation, raised him to, at least, the second rank in tragedy and genteel comedy.

Pretty much about this period, it was that Lord Spencer threw his eyes on him as a proper person to accomplish an act of benevolence and humanity, that will ever reflect the highest credit on his Lordship's heart; the celebrated Fanny Murray had been debauched by his father; to atone for such a fault, he looked upon as an act of justice; he therefore proposed her as a wife to Mr. Ross, with a settlement of two hundred pounds per annum. Ross's dissipations demanded such an addition to his fortune, and as the lady retained nothing of her former situation but her charms, the contract was signed, and the marriage celebrated.

Mr. Ross afterwards purchased the Edinburgh patent, at which place he was obliged to reside in the course of his profession; and here it was suggested to him, that, by the laws of Scotland, a person could not will his estate by mere words of exclusion, without an *express conveyance* of inheritance at the same time; which last circumstance had been omitted by his father; accordingly he brought his action of reduction against his sister, which, after being argued before Lord Kennett, ordinary, December, 1769, he gave the interlocutor in his favour. His sister and husband then applied by representation, in which they were a second time worsted; they ultimately brought it before the house of lords in England, where the legality and justice of Mr. Ross's title was so ably pleaded by the lord advocate and the solicitor general, that their lordships gave a decree in his favour, by which he recovered near six thousand pounds.

He now disposed of the Edinburgh Theatre to the late Mr. Foote, for three years, and renewed his engagements at Govent-garden. He uninterruptedly enjoyed this situation for many years, when being left out of the managerial arrangement, he never afterwards recovered it: the accident of breaking his leg decided his theatrical fate, and he lived principally upon an annuity which he derived from a mortgage on the Edinburgh theatre.

As an actor, Ross had claims to great praise in tragic characters of the *mixed passions*, as well as lovers in genteel comedy; but from indolence, or the love of pleasure, he was not always equal to himself.

> "Ross—(a misfortune which we often meet)
> Was *fast asleep* at dear Statira's feet."

This was one of Churchill's just criticisms; but when *awake*, he often gave the happiest effect to the writings of the poet.

As a *companion*, he may be considered as the last *elève* of QUIN, from whom he seemed to glean his *relish for the table*, together with his *happy manner of relating anecdotes*. The *theory* and *practice* of the *first* he well understood; the *second* he executed with a *neatness* and *retention of face* well remembered by his friends and acquaintances.

Mr. David Ross had the credit and happiness of retaining the steady regard of a most respectable number of school-fellows as well as of other friends, whom he acquired in later life; amongst the former may be mentioned Lord Stormont, Lord Onslow, Lord Sondes, the Hon. Daines Barrington, the Hon. Admiral Barrington, and George Dunbar, Esq. Amongst the latter the Hon. Mr. Fitzwilliam, Mr. Boswell, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Cooke, Sir W. Bensley the India Director, and Mr. Bensley of Drury-lane theatre.

To this sketch of the character of a man "whose life has contributed to the stock of harmless merriment," let it be recorded against those who too indiscriminately rail at the friendship of the world, that Ross experienced to the contrary; that there were those who met his every misfortune with tenderness, and alleviated it with a liberality and delicacy, which mark the social and elevated mind.

SCOTUS.

POETRY.

HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Contentment sweet ! be thou my song,
To thee all earthly joys belong;
And man, whom many cares molest,
When blest with thee, is truly blest.—
Let not my humble muse despise,
To seek where true contentment lies;
O let her (train'd in rustic lore,)
The peasant's humble cot explore.—
In sweet content, and peace he lives,
Receives what bounteous nature gives;
And learns to know altho' he's poor
That he can happiness procure :
For in his native ign'rance bred,
He learns to bless his humble shed,
He looks around, nor wishes fate
To add one blessing to his state;
His heart where true contentment glows,
Thanks Him from whom each blessing flows:
His halcyon soul is ne'er distrest,
With thoughts that guilty minds molest;
In harmless joys his life is spent,
With constant health, and sweet content.—
Then O! Contentment, loveliest maid,
May troubles ne'er my peace invade;
O! may my heart from follies free,
Be fill'd with gratitude and thee.—
For where thou reign'st we're sure to find
A happy conscience, peace of mind:
From thee the purest pleasures flow,
Thou source of happiness below!
With thee the peasant's frugal board
Is like the banquet of a lord;
And e'en the shepherd's humble cot
With thee is still a blessed lot.—

Then may it be high Heav'n's decree,
Where'er I live, to live with thee:
For ev'ry blessing God t' adore,
I'll close my wish, and seek no more.—

GEO—GE DA—EL

Islington, Feb. 24, 1808.

TO ROSA.

I said to my heart (as my pillow I prest,
And on life's passing visions I mus'd)
" If you love it will banish repose from my breast;
And your friendship will e'er be abus'd.

" Then each tender emotion, command it to cease,
Think friendship or love but a name,
And then, haply then, the mild seraph of peace
May soothe with its influence my frame."

And thus from my bosom each feeling had flown,
And *apathy* govern'd my heart,
But thy smiles bade me feel a sweet pleasure unknown,
And dear is the bliss they impart.

Yes, yes it is dear! and thine eyes, beamy glance
Shall teach me how falsely I thought,
And again I'll believe that affection's wild trance
With each heaven-born rapture is fraught.

And would you, O Rosa! my passion approve,
Each cold thought from my bosom I'd spurn,
And again the warm vows, and soft glances of love,
I would cherish, and warmly return.

Liverpool. W. M. T.

STANZAS

ON HEARING AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

Say! whence these sounds that please mine ear?
These breathing powers that round me float;
Sure 'tis some magic finger near,
Which thrills so sweet the dulcet note.

Hear, now the cadence flows along,
Low whisp'ring as the bird of love;
Or soft as some Seraphic song,
Sung by the sacred choir, above.

I hear them still—in murmurs slow,
Borne on the gentle Zephyr's wings,
Repeating some love song of woe,
Responsive from the ming'ling strings.

Ah! now a pause succeeds the strain,
And now the gay enchantment's o'er;
Now, it repeats the theme again,
Andstrikes the willing-chords once more.

But hark! a grave and sullen sound,
Hoarsely sweeps the trembling wires;
In airy maze it spreads around,
And ev'ry noble thought inspires.

And now again, a louder still,
It takes a more majestic sway:
Then gently low with quiv'ring thrill,
Once more in softness dies away.

As on the ear the sounds thus steal,
Contending passions fill my breast;
Now light as air, now sad I feel,
And fancy makes a Sylph, my guest.

TO BACCHUS.

ANACREONTIC.

Gay Bacchus! if thy nectar'd bowl,
Can stem the wand'rings of the soul,
If to the pure unpassion'd heart,
Thy gifts can one firm joy impart;
If to mild reason's pow'rful sway,
Thou mak'st each duller sense give way,
Or o'er the scientific mind,
Can throw one hope or thought refin'd,
If thou can'st bid the heart to glow,
And ev'ry vein to chasten'd flow
With virtue pure—and make me prove,
The soft solicitudes of love;
Then Bacchus I thy foremost guest will shine,
And willing drink me—of thy cup divine.

But should thy sweet delusive draught,
Deprive me of one halcyon thought;
Should folly with a wanton leer,
Twine round my brows her wreath of care,
And o'er the mind a pow'r maintain,
To dull the sense, or mad the brain,
Or fill the heart with passions dire,
And lighten up unchaste desire,
Make me to dream in ceaseless sorrow,
And waken, but to weep the morrow,
Then frantic rave, and curse the hour
That e'er I knew thy potent power,
Then Bacchus hence, and far my presence flee,
For not a moment will I give to thee.

Liverpool, 10th March. J. B—W D—N

ODE FOR APRIL.

Hail, April, hail! tho' through the rolling year,
Frowns not a month more dull than thou;—
Tho' wrapt in clouds thy front appear,
And tempests lour around thy angry brow;—
Still welcome, welcome still to me:
Not Autumn's shady bow'rs,
Nor May's ambrosial flow'rs,
I greet with warmer love than thee:
First to the earth by thee was Shakspeare giv'n,—
Sweet Shakspeare, "fancy's child," the progeny of heav'n!

O'er Milton, Homer, and the bards of old,
Shakspeare shall live renown'd by fame:
His muse, in native genius bold,
Shall send to latest times his deathless name.
While nature's pencil charms mankind,—
While tears spontaneous flow
At magic scenes of woe,—
Or mirth can elevate the mind,—
"The song of Shakspeare and the fame shall last,"
Safe from the rage of time, and envy's keener blast.

March 16th, 1808. HISTRIONICUS

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

MARCH.

1. Chances. IN AND OUT OF TUNE, (1st time) with entirely new music composed by Mr. Corri. The characters by Messrs. Dowton, Johnstone, Mathews, Wewitzer, De Camp, Gibbon, Master West, Mr. Smith, Mr. Miller, Miss Duncan, Miss Lyon, Mrs. Bland.
3. Kais—Mayor of Garrat.
5. Inconstant—In and out of Tune.
7. Pizarro—Ib.
8. Kais—Ella Rosenberg.
10. Wonder—In and out of Tune.
12. Kais—Mayor of Garrat.
14. West Indian. Rosina. Mr. Belville, (1st time) Mr. I. Smith. The tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots was announced for this evening, but necessarily deferred on account of intelligence of the death of Mr. Siddons, the husband of our celebrated tragic actress; Mr. H. Siddons (his son) and Mrs. H. Siddons having to perform the principal characters.
15. All in the Wrong. Poor Soldier. Darby, (1st time) Mr. Russell.
17. Cabinet. Three Weeks after Marriage.
19. Chances. The Prize. Heartwell, Mr. Braham; Lenitive, Mr. Bannister; Caroline, Signora Storace.
21. Country Girl—Tekeli.
22. Haunted Tower—Mayor of Garrat.
24. Belle's Stratagem. Sir George Touchwood, Mr. Siddons. Ella Rosenberg. Ella, Mrs. H. Siddons.
26. Kais—Devil to Pay.
28. Pizarro—Prize.
29. Honeymoon. Lampedo, Mr. De Camp. Tekeli.

COVENT GARDEN.

FEB.

29. Hamlet; and, *(positively for the last time)* Harlequin in his Element.

March 1. Begone dull Care—Poor Jack—Who Wins?

3. Wanderer. HIGHLAND LADDIE; a new Scotch dance, (composed by Mr. Bologna, jun.) The characters by Messrs. Bologna, jun. Ridgway, Bologna, sen. Miss H. Bologna, Miss M. Bristow, Mrs. Whitmore, and the Misses Adams. Who Wins? N. B. The *Merchant of Venice* was intended for this evening, Shylock by Mr. Kemble, who being seized with indisposition, was obliged to repair into the country.

4. A grand Selection of Sacred Music.

5. Woodman—Who Wins?

7. Jane Shore. Jane Shore, (1st time) Miss Norton; with *(By particular desire)* Harlequin in his Element.

8. Begone dull Care—Highland Laddie—Who Wins?

9, The Oratorio of the Messiah.

10. Man of the World. Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, Mr. COOKE, (his 1st appearance this season) Highland Laddie. Who Wins?

11. Acis and Galatea; with a grand miscellaneous Act.

12. Merchant of Venice. Shylock, Mr. Cooke. Who Wins?

14. Richard III. Richard, Mr. Cooke; Richmond, Mr. Brunton; Lady Anne, Miss Norton; Queen Elizabeth, (on account of the indisposition of Mrs. St. Leger,) by Mrs. Emery. Harlequin in his Element. N. B. Mr. C. Kemble was prevented from performing Richmond on account of the death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Siddons.

15. Woodman—Raising the Wind.

16. Grand Selection—First Act of the Creation.

17. Man of the World. Betty Hint, Mrs. Mattocks, (being her 1st appearance since her indisposition). Highland Laddie. Blind Boy.

19. Merchant of Venice. Love a-la-Mode. Sir Archy, Mr. Cooke.

21. Richard III. Richmond, Mr. C. Kemble. Queen Elizabeth Miss Logan.

22. Travellers in Switzerland, *(revived)* with many alterations, new scenery, new dresses, and new music by Mr. Shield. [We presume Mr. Shield, notwithstanding what is here *set down*, is only responsible for the new music.] Who Wins?

23. Grand Selection of Sacred Music.

24. Man of the World—Highland Laddie—Who Wins?

25. Messiah.

26. Merchant of Venice—Love a la Mode.

28. Othello. Iago, Mr. Cooke. Harlequin in his Element.

29. Travellers in Switzerland—Who Wins?

Little need be added this month to the information contained in the above lists. The musical farce of *In and out of Tune* was withdrawn, or rather dismissed, after a few nights. We understand that the piece has been owned and disclaimed by two authors, Mr. Cherry, a writer who has proved himself capable of better things, and another gentleman, whose name we have forgotten. It is, however, a contest *de lana caprinâ*, and may be relinquished without much loss to either party. At Covent Garden the return of Mr. Cooke has been hailed with reiterated shouts of applause, and the houses have been prodigious. His salary has been raised in a proportion equal, we believe, to his wishes, though not commensurate with his rare merits and vast attraction. The play of *Bonduca* is getting up for his benefit, and much is expected from his *Caratach*. Mr. Allingham's excellent farce of *Who Wins?* rises nightly in public estimation. At Drury Lane a new comedy called *The World*, by Mr. Kenny, is announced for the 30th of April; and a grand ballet of action is expected to come forth immediately.

The Oratorios have been exceedingly prosperous, and crowded houses have rewarded the Ashleys for their judicious and liberal arrangements.

OPERA HOUSE.

On the 21st of March, the Lord Chancellor gave judgment in this intricate business.

His lordship observed, that he had in his hand proposals from Mr. Waters to Mr. Taylor, and his answer to that communication; but that it was impossible for his lordship to settle their differences, unless the Solicitors for the parties would be pleased to tell him what they moved for, as these communications had no tendency whatever to facilitate the settlement of their disputes; disputes which it was not in the power of the Court to adjust. His lordship then observed upon the notice of the motion, and the cause out of which it arose. He stated the circumstances connected with the Opera-House, and how it had been originally vested in the hands of trustees, discarding from his consideration the voluminous provisions which had been introduced into the deeds; but, comparing with each other, as he went along, the deeds of 1792, 1803, and of the 3rd of March, 1804. As this motion had been made, it became his duty to look through all the papers and deeds laid before him. It appeared that the property was vested in three trustees, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Bedford, and the Marquis of Salisbury, were to name such trustees who were to receive the income in trust, and discharge all the expences, including the payment of the annual salaries to the performers (which were only to be paid in that way) Mr. Taylor was to be paid 1000l. per annum for ten years, in liquidation of certain claims on the property, which were distinguished in the deed. The whole of the taxes and other expences were not to exceed 2,100l. Under this trust all these expences were to be paid. With respect to the appointment of a manager, by whom (asked his Lordship) was this manager to be appointed? the deed said, the directors or their successors are to appoint a manager. The term succession, applied here, was not very clear in its meaning. The manager was to have such powers and authority, as the directors or their successors should think adviseable, and was to be under the controul of the five directors, and moveable at their pleasure. The deed of 1792, in most of its provisions, was revived by the deed of 1804. What, therefore was the Court of Chancery to do? To put in activity the trustees of a deed, and under what circumstances. Five Directors were to be appointed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Bedford, and the Marquis Salisbury; and if the directors were not appointed by these noble persons, the Court could not interfere in having it carried on. It might decree the property to be sold, but to the disposal in respect of the management or conduct of the concern, it could not extend its interference. All the Court could do, was to bring the parties to their senses, and to recommend to them to do that which no Court could supply by its authority. There was a clause in those deeds, that no person should make a contract to sing or dance at any other house, than that of the Opera, and they were

to be confined only to these express provisions under certain penalties, and then it was said that certain ladies of fashion would not go to the Opera House, unless a certain lady should be permitted to sing at their houses. How, therefore, could the Court interpose? With respect to the provision in the deed by which Mr. Taylor was to give security, in case no fresh trustees were appointed, what security was to be demanded, for the trust deed did not mention how it was to be exacted, and the Court was called upon to say what security should be required. In reference to the part of the case, where Mr. Jewel was invested with the office of treasurer by the deed of 1803, it appeared he was not appointed by those of 1802, or 1804. His lordship wished to know who the trustees really were, and what their provisions were; and until a great deal could be done, which had not been done, no power could apply the money according to the trust; and until those wants could be supplied, it was more than the Court could adjust; for, by their own account, they had neither manager, receiver, nor performers under the deed, or according to them. The motion, therefore, came to this, that the Court was to proceed to foreclosure, and to take upon itself the functions of the concern, which that Court could not do. His lordship concluded by observing, that if any body knew what order ought to be made, he should be glad they would tell him what it was, in order that he might make it. Such an order as he should direct would be to ruin the concern: not making the order would be as a *locus penitential*; of which he hoped the parties would avail themselves. The business therefore rests where it began.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre Royal, NORWICH.—Our season commenced as usual with the new year, it has not brought any important addition of strength, but as I do not recollect to have seen in the Cabinet a detailed and correct account of our company, I shall request your permission to insert a few particulars respecting our principal performers. Bowles ranks the first. In person he is tall and rather stout, he possesses an expressive and intelligent countenance, a clear and well-toned voice, with a correct and emphatic delivery. From the number of characters which the hero of a provincial company is obliged to personate, it is impossible he should succeed equally well in all, but in Bowles's performance of every character may be traced attentive study and mature reflection. The characters which I think among his best are Macbeth, Coriolanus, Wolsey, Cato and Brutus; in the frivolous and insipid bucks of the modern Comedies he is not equally successful. Fitzgerald is an actor of great merit, and he is deservedly a prime favourite with us. He plays more different and opposite characters well, than any Actor I ever saw. He particularly excells in

Irishmen and Jews. Faucit is a useful and respectable performer; his figure and voice are good, and his action generally graceful. He has taken several characters which Bowles used to play, and sustains them with much force and spirit. Bennet it our principal singer: he possesses a powerful voice, and is generally correct in his execution. As I am no great judge of his vocal powers, I would now speak principally to his abilities as an actor. In low comedy he displays a fund of native humour, and he has succeeded very well in some of Emery's best characters. Mr. Nursey, a native of this city, has made his debut this season as our second singer, he seems to please our audience very well, and sings, according to my judgment, with a great deal of taste. Mr. Bellamy can be a good comic actor if he pleases, he delights sometimes to play the buffoon too much, but this I believe to be a fault almost inseparable from performers of low comic characters. Dancer who formerly belonged to this company, was in that respect the best comic actor I ever saw. Smith is too much of a ranter, his action is stiff and aukward, and his delivery turgid and bombastic. He has however the merit of being in general perfect in his parts. Birrell is a very unequal actor, he sometimes hits off a part with good taste and effect, but in general he is but so so.—These are our principal men.—The first among the females is Mrs. Bowles. This lady is an actress of no ordinary powers; to a figure and deportment at once elegant and diguified, she joins a correct judgment, and her stile of acting exhibits the marks both of true genius and mature study. She excels in that cast of characters which are so peculiarly the property of Mrs. Siddons, her lady Macbeth, Volumnia, Queen Catherine, and Jane Shore, are pourtrayed in the most vivid and striking colours. Next in rank must be placed Mrs. Faucit. If nature has fitted Mrs. Bowles to support the majestic and strong female characters of the drama, she has also eminently qualified Mrs. Faucit to pourtray the softer and more feminine ones. Her figure and manner are highly interesting, her voice well-toned, and capable of considerable expression, she is sometimes rather deficient in animation; but in general her acting can by no means be said to be devoid of interest. Mrs. Bramwell is an excellent representative of hoydens and chambermaids: her figure which is well adapted for such characters, she generally dresses with very good taste. Mrs. Binfield is commonly esteemed as respectable a singer as a country company ought to expect, as an actress she is as good as singers usually are. Mrs. Jones takes the old women's characters, which she generally fills with considerable ability. Such, sir, is our company. I have no opportunity of comparing it with other provincial companies, but I should think it is as good as most, at least if I may judge from what I have lately seen in London, which one would suppose ought to draw "all the talents" from the country. The externals of our Theatre are very good, the scenes are painted in a very masterly stile, and the decorations in general highly respectable. The house holds when full £150.

Norwich, Feb. 22, 1808. L.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY.—Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan, by David Irving, A. M. Biographical Index to the House of Commons.

NOVELS.—Wild Irish Boy. The Unknown, or Northern Gallery, by F. Latham. The Dream.

VOYAGES.—Travels in America, performed in 1806, for the purpose of exploring the rivers Alleghany, Monongahela, Ohio, and Missisippi, and ascertaining the produce and social condition of their banks and vicinity, by Thomas Ashe, Esq. late captain in the York Rangers. A Voyage to the Demerary, containing a statistical account of the settlements there, and of those of the Essequebo, the Berbree, and other contiguous rivers of Guyana, by Henry Bolingbroke, Esq. Deputy Vendue Master at Surinam.

POETRY.—Poetical and Dramatic Works of the late General Burgoyne, with Memoirs of the Author. Richmond Hill, by the Rev. Thomas Maurice. Juvenile Poems, by Thomas Romney Robinson. Ossian's Poems, in the original Gaelic, with a literal translation into Latin, by the late R. Macfarlan, A. M. with a Dissertation on their authenticity, by Sir John Sinclair, Bart. and a translation from the Italian, of the Abbé Cesarotti's Dissertation on the Controversy respecting the authenticity of Ossian, with notes, and a supplemental essay, by John M'Arthur, L.L.D. Collins's Passions, with Engravings, by Cardon, from designs by Kerr Porter, with notes, and biographical anecdotes, by Mr. Raymond of Drury-lane theatre. The Works of Dryden, with notes, by Walter Scott, and an account of the poet's life. A volume of Poems, containing odes, sonnets, &c. by Mr. Tart of Liverpool.

DRAMA.—Kais, with a preface by the author, Mr. Brandon. New edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, with new notes, including many of Dr. Farmer's M.S. notes. A new edition of Old Plays, by Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, upon the plan of Dodsley's collection.

MISCELLANEOUS. Essay on the Influence of Marriage on Health. Tales of the Passions, in which is attempted an illustration of their effects on the human mind, by George Moore. Memorials of Nature and Art, collected on a Journey through Great Britain, in the years 1802 and 1803, by C. A. Gottlieb Goede, translated from the German by Thomas Horne. 3 vols. small 8vo. 16s. 6d.

De Wilde pinx. *Hopwood sculp.*

Published by Mathews & Leigh May 1st 1808.